

## The Fallen by eggosnmileven

**Series:** [MILEVEN MULTI-CHAPS \[1\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Aged up characters, Alcohol, Angst, Angst and Fluff and Smut, Bad Boy Mike Wheeler, Badboy au, Emotional Hurt, Eventual Happy Ending, F/M, Fluff, Fluff and Hurt/Comfort, I'm Bad At Tagging, Kinda cheating, Masturbation, Mileven, Multiple Orgasms, Mutual Masturbation, Sex, Smut, Vaginal Sex, stranger things, tagging is hard, tobacco

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**Summary:**

He's thought about her every day since that night in the woods. He doesn't know what happened to her after she defeated the demogorgan.

She's gone, and he has to move on.

But...what if she isn't really gone?

# 1. Thinking of You {NON-MILEVEN SMUT}

## Author's Note:

hey, everyone!

this story is my most popular across all platforms, so naturally i'm gonna post it here too!

i have no idea how long this will be. originally, i said 15-20 chapters, but we're already on chapter ten and i've got lots of stuff left that i want to write.

so, it's looking like it'll shape up to be anywhere from 20-30 chapters.

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"Mike, it's about time you showed!"

He took a deep breath and slapped on a fake smile as he approached the group.

"Troy, what's up?"

They shook hands before Troy put a drink' and a cigarette in his hands.

"Come over here and meet Stacy, she's a transfer from Indianapolis."

He took a drag of the cigarette and a swig of beer while Troy guided him into the house, leading him over to the group of girls on the sofa.

"Stacy, this is the guy Mike I was tellin' you about earlier."

A pretty young woman stood up and walked over to them, biting her lip as her eyes traveled up and down Mike's figure.

"Hello Mike, I've heard so many things about you. It's nice to finally put a name to a face."

Mike held the cigarette between his teeth as he shook her hand, eyes naturally falling to her voluptuous breasts, which were sticking out from the top of her shirt. He brought his eyes back up to hers, watching her cheeks turn pink.

"Nice to meet you, Stacy."

They talked for a little while before Mike excused himself, citing a need for fresh air, which wasn't technically a lie, more of a convenience thing.

He stepped out back and sat down on one of the lounge chairs by the pool, putting out his cigarette in the ashtray next to him before lighting another one, taking a long drag. He looked up at the smoke as it disappeared into the night and noticed the full moon hanging above.

Mike never figured out where she went, if she'd ever gotten out of that horrible place all those years ago. She saved him and his (former) friends' lives, and he never even got to thank her for it.

Sometimes he swears he sees her, walking down the street as he's riding by on his new Harley, a gift from his parents after his manual bike finally gave up.

But it couldn't possibly be her, right? She was gone.

He hadn't stopped thinking about her, even all these years later, she still crossed his mind every single day. After middle school was over, Mike had broken off from the original party and joined in with Troy's group because he couldn't face his friends anymore.

They reminded him of her, and that was too much for him.

Since then, he'd surrounded himself with booze, cigarettes, marijuana, and girls, all in an attempt to distract himself from the loss of his first crush.

His first love.

Sure, it was nice to have attention from girls, but they all left him with the same hole in his chest that had been there since he watched

Eleven get pulled into the Upside Down. He thought that it'd be enough, the booze and the girls, but it wasn't.

His thoughts were interrupted by the sound of the glass door sliding open and when he turned around, he was greeted by the sight of Stacy, rubbing her arms as she walked up to him.

"I thought you'd abandoned me."

She chuckled, sitting down on the chair next to him.

"How can you be out here? It's freezing!"

He took a final drag and crushed the butt out in the plastic ashtray, turning to look at her.

"Eh, it's not too bad with my jacket on."

Stacy was shivering now and Mike suggested that they go back inside, his fresh air excuse no longer valid. She followed him as he dodged and weaved his way through the crowded house, taking a seat in the formal living room, somewhat separated from the rest of the party.

"You really don't like parties, do you?"

Mike looked over at her and smiled, chuckling breathily. "No, not these sorts of things. I prefer more...private settings, you know?"

She shuddered, picking up on the subtle meaning of Mike's words.

"I like private, too."

He almost rolled his eyes at her lame attempt to flirt back.

"Well,"

He looked around at the vacant room.

"This place seems pretty private..."

Stacy reached over and planted her lips on Mike's, slowly moving them against his. He didn't necessarily want to sleep with Stacy, but

it'd been a few weeks since he's had a decent fuck and at this point, it didn't really matter who it was.

He wished it was Eleven, though.

She swung her leg over his lap and began grinding across him, which made his cock twitch to life beneath his jeans. He groaned while his hands trailed up and down her curves.

What would Eleven's curves feel like?

The thought crossed his mind and he quickly discarded it, not allowing himself to think like that...anymore.

After a few minutes of intense making out, Stacy crawled to the floor and sat on her knees, nimble fingers working to undo his pants. He twitched at each small brush of her fingers before she finally freed him from the constraining fabric and wrapped a hand around his thick base.

He grunted softly as she moved her hand up and down his length, noticing the way her hand looked so small around him.

What would Eleven's hand look like wrapped around his cock?

"Fuck." He growled, and Stacy smirked, thinking that her motions were the cause.

They weren't, but he went along with it, looking down and returning her smirk with one of his own.

"Suck it, Stacy."

Her lips wrapped around the tip of his cock and she gently sucked on it, making his hips rut up involuntarily. She felt good around him, they all did, but there was always this part of him that wondered if Eleven would've felt better.

She began bobbing up and down now, mouth making it about halfway down before she started choking. He was overwhelmingly unimpressed.

Sure, Mike was big, but not that big. And yet, no girl had been able to take all of him in their mouth.

Eleven probably could.

"Stop that." He mumbled to himself, forcing himself to watch Stacy's movements.

She sucked him off for a minute or so before standing back up and pulling her daisy dukes down to expose a bright pink thong stretched across her hips.

"How do you want me, Mike?"

He huffed and looked to the side. "On all fours, hands on the armrest."

Stacy shed herself of all clothes before getting into position. Meanwhile, Mike was stroking himself lazily, trying to keep his cock interested even though the rest of him really wasn't. He didn't want to get any sort of performance-related reputations.

She spread her legs wide, allowing Mike to get a quick glimpse of her glistening pink folds as he rolled the condom down his length and lined himself up behind her. He pushed his hips forward and squeezed his eyes shut, feeling her stretch out around him.

He didn't wait long before beginning his rhythm, pulling almost all the way out before pushing back in, feeling her walls grip him tightly.

"Oh Mike,"

Her back arched and her head fell forward.

"You're so big!"

Mike grunted in response, not really wanting to respond, simply speeding his hips up a little bit. He just wanted this to be over so he could go home and watch some TV or something. Anything to get his mind off of Eleven.

Luckily for him, his sheer size was enough to make her cum rather quickly, crying out as she spilled her release all over his condom-covered length.

He came soon after, pushing his hips forward and sighing as he emptied into the condom.

Both of them remained still for a moment before Mike pulled out and got dressed, tying and throwing away the condom as he started making his way towards the door. He was stopped by Stacy's voice coming from the couch.

"So...can I call you sometime?"

Mike looked her dead in the eye and stuck a fresh cigarette between his teeth.

"No."

And with that, he walked out of the room and out of the house, climbing onto his bike before pulling out onto the moonlit road.

## 2. Who Are You?

### Summary for the Chapter:

Mike notices a new girl in his English class...but is she really new to him?

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!  
here's chapter two :)

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Mike Wheeler woke up the next morning to the incessant buzzing of his alarm clock, sitting up and immediately groaning at the familiar pain in his head.

He dragged his feet across the hall to the bathroom, cleaning himself up before walking back to his room to get dressed.

As he was leaving the house, he glanced at himself in the mirror, loathing the face that looked back at him.

At least Eleven's not here to see it.

The backroads of Hawkins whipped by him as he drove, feeling the bike move swiftly beneath him. That's one thing he enjoyed about having a bike; he was able to feel one with the world as he weaved across the landscape.

He pulled up to the school fifteen minutes late, as per usual, and walked into his first period class.

And what he saw shocked him to his very core.



Sitting there, in his regular seat, was a beautiful young woman who he'd never seen before.

Yet, she somehow felt oddly familiar, he just couldn't quite put his finger on it right now. She looked like she recognized him, too, but that was pretty common with girls around Hawkins.

He awkwardly made his way through the desks and sat in the one behind her, head pounding as he pulled his textbook out.

Who is that girl?

~~

The bell finally rang after what felt like an eternity and Mike quickly hopped up from his desk, eager to find out the mystery girl's name.

He caught up to her outside the classroom door.

"Hey!"

She turned around and he was instantly rendered breathless at the sight of her natural beauty. He hadn't really been able to admire her up close in the classroom, but now that he was standing face-to-face with her, he decided that she was even more beautiful up close.

But he wasn't about to let her know that.

"Hi."

"You took my seat." He deadpanned, watching her expression change.

She was clearly surprised as she looked up at him. "Really? I didn't think there were assigned seats."

"There isn't, but that's my seat." His jaw clenched.

Her eyes appraised his expression before she stood up taller and looked him straight in the eye.

"If you're expecting an apology, you won't hear one."

She goes to turn around, but he snatches her wrist and whips her

back around to face him.

"What's your name?"

Her face fell into a panicked look, quickly yanking her wrist back and hiding it behind her.

"My name's Jane."

She smirked.

"But I don't expect you to remember it, since I've heard that you're not really used to learning girls' names unless they're...beneficial to you."

His jaw hung open as she walked away, unable to believe that she'd just said that.

Why had she looked so scared when he grabbed her? Why had she hidden her wrist?

He snapped out of it and rushed up to her side, hand wrapping around her forearm, tugging her along the hallway before pushing her into an empty space.

"You're awfully brave to speak to me that way, but you're a fool to think that you can get away with it."

She looked unimpressed. "I've heard it all before, Wheeler, and I'm not afraid of you."

"Yeah, well, you should be."

A quick laugh echoes through the room.

"Then make me afraid."

Her hands come up to rest on his chest and he tenses at the touch before she pushes him away. His jaw clenches, but he stays still, trying not to let her get to him

"Come on, show me what I've got to be afraid of. I want to see the

King of Hawkins High show me what he really is, I want to feel the wrath."

He moves to grab her but he stops, eyes softening before he looks down at the ground.

She grins. "That's what I thought. See, you may not remember me, but I've never forgotten you and who you really are."

His eyebrows raise as he makes her way to the door. Suddenly, his hand slams down on the door and she jumps, struggling to pry it open, but it's no use.

"Who are you?"

When she turns around and looks up at him this time, he instantly recognizes the look on her face, the glimmer of undeniable innocence in her eyes.

"I think you've just answered your own question..."

She closes her eyes and suddenly, the door slides open with ease. A small drop of blood peaks out from her nostril before she wipes it away with a tissue in her pocket.

"Mike."

Mike's knees almost gave out as the reality hit him all at once.

"Eleven?"

It all made sense now, why she looked so nervous and why she hid her wrist from him. That was the side her tattoo was on.

How hadn't he noticed sooner?

She stopped and looked over her shoulder at him, smirking.

"Powerlines, 3:15."

And with that, she disappeared into the fabric of students in the hallway, leaving Mike Wheeler, for once in his life, utterly speechless.

## **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work, please leave kudos and/or comments! it really helps keep me motivated and i love hearing from y'all! :)

### 3. Power Lines

#### Summary for the Chapter:

Mike and El meet up at the power lines.

#### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!  
chapter three has arrived :)

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Eleven glanced down at the pink watch on her wrist, tapping her foot.

It's 3:16, he's late.

As soon as the thought passed through her mind, the rumbling of a motorcycle engine filled the cul-de-sack and Mike pulled into his driveway.

She watched as he pulled off his helmet and shook out his hair, unable to help herself from thinking about the boy she used to know...and how far he's fallen since that night.

He jogged up the small hill and stood in front of her.

"You're late."

Mike huffed and looked down at his watch.

"It's 3:17. That's barely late."

She rolls her eyes. "Whatever. You've never been timely, I know that."

They look at each other for a moment, eyes drinking in each other's matured features.

"So..." Mike started. "I guess I'll start by asking, what happened to you?"

El took a deep breath before telling him her version of that night. She told him about waking up in the Upside Down, how she found the opening and climbed out of it, and how she ended up with Hopper.

"Wait, your dad is Hopper? Like Chief Hopper?"

She nods. "The very same."

"He's married to Joyce now, does that mean that Will and Jonathan knew about you?"

Uh oh.

"Yes, they knew. They've known for, uh, about two years now."

His face fell into a confused rage. "So they knew, and they didn't tell me?! What the fuck is that?!"

She flinched and squeezed her eyes shut, waiting for his explosive reaction to come, but it didn't. Instead, when she opened her eyes, she found a teary-eyed young man staring back at her. He was clearly hurt by her actions.

"I...El..."

He took a deep breath before lowering his voice and continuing, relaxing more when he saw her relax.

"I guess I can understand why Will didn't tell me, we're not really friends anymore, in case you hadn't noticed."

Eleven nodded. "Yeah, I noticed."

Mike turned to face her and reached up, almost like he wanted to hold her face, but quickly put his hand back down in his lap.

"Why didn't you come back to me? I would've kept your secret and I could've helped you."

She knew this question was coming sooner or later. If she was being completely honest with herself, she wasn't really sure of the answer.

"I knew you were going to ask that..."

Her eyes met his.

"I d-don't know why I didn't come back to you, Mike. I guess I figured that the party, the whole party, would be safer without me around."

He huffed. "El, we went through all of that together. Didn't you think that we could've help you, that we could've save you?"

She shook her head. "No, I didn't think about that. I didn't want you getting involved anymore than you already had, it wasn't safe."

"But that's what friends are for, Eleven, to help you when you really need it."

As he was saying this, his heart began to ache. How had he just let the party and everything they had, go?

"Wow, that's really rich coming from you. You're the one who abandoned your friends and didn't let them help you."

His nostrils flared. "Yeah, whatever. At least I cared about you and wondered what happened to you."

She was taken aback, not knowing whether to be mad or sad.

"Do you really think that I didn't care about you, that I didn't think about coming back to you?"

He huffed. "Probably not, I mean...you never came back. Did you ever look into the void to find me? Well, maybe if you did, you would've come back to help me."

That stung, harder than he could ever know.

"I didn't because if I saw you, I knew that I wouldn't be able to stay away from you. It was better for you if you didn't know about me, I was keeping you safe."

Tears threatened to spill from his eyes, anger or sadness, El wasn't sure.

"Keeping me safe? Is that what you thought you were doing?!"

He was pissed.

"Well, news flash, you weren't. In fact, I think you were actually doing the opposite!"

Her eyes were glossed over and her vision was blurred.

"It's not my fault that you decided to leave your friends, your best friends, and become friends with Troy! That's not my fault, that's all on you, Mike! You made that decision, so don't even try to blame it on me!!"

Mike's face immediately softened. He knew El was right, but he didn't want to admit it.

"But if you hadn't left, then I wouldn't have been so lonely and heartbroken."

She huffs. "Well, if you'd talked to literally anyone about it or, god forbid, stayed with your friends instead of abandoning them, you probably wouldn't have been so torn up about it. Stop trying to blame this shit, your problems, on me not coming back."

He growled.

"It doesn't matter anymore, because you left and now you're suddenly back five years later and...and it's just fucking with me, okay? I dealt with these feelings a long time ago, I accepted that I'd never see you again, and now here you are!"

Eleven nodded and took a small step closer, reaching out hesitantly to touch his arm.



"Mike?"

He looked down at her. "Yeah?"

She offered him a small smile.

"I understand."

His heart fluttered and all he wanted to do was kiss her and hug her, but he didn't let himself do it. He couldn't, not yet at least.

"El...I can't...I just need some time."

Her eyebrows furrowed in confusion. "What do you mean?"

"We can't...be friends o-or anything else again, not right now. I hope you can understand."

Why is he saying this?

"Oh, um, okay. That sort of came out of nowhere, but sure. I think I need some time, too."

Now he was confused. "What would you need time for?"

"To think about if I really want to have relations of any kind with this new version of Mike Wheeler. You've changed so much...and if you don't mind me saying so, it's not for the better."

Mike chuckled sarcastically, trying to shake off the fact that she was right, he was different. And he hated this Mike, too.

"Alright...whatever...if that's what you need."

She nodded, perfectly confident and calm as she started walking away.

"Hey, El?"

El turned around.

"I'll, uh, see you at school."

She smiled softly and continued on her way, feeling Mike's hungry eyes watching her walk away until she disappeared down Maple Street.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work and would like to see more, please leave kudos and/or comments!! it helps to motivate me and i like hearing from y'all!

## 4. The Lunch Line

### Summary for the Chapter:

Wait...El has a boyfriend?!

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!

chapter four is here, and things are about to get (more) complicated for these two...strap in!

-

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A Week Later...

Eleven walked with Will, Dustin, Lucas, and Max to the dining hall, just as she did every day.

It was funny, she'd almost taken on Mike's role in the party when he abandoned them in favor of Troy Harrington. Something she still didn't understand, but what was done was done, and she enjoyed hanging out with her best friends.

They sat down at their normal table in the corner and Max walked up to the lunch line with El, talking and giggling the whole way up.

She didn't even notice Mike walk up behind her until he tapped her on the shoulder.

Max glared up at him as he spoke nervously.

"Hey El, can we talk..."

He realized the placing of his pause and quickly spoke again.

"A-About the English homework? I'm having some trouble with it and you've always been a better writer than me."

She frowned. "I thought you needed your space from me, that you needed some time to think about things?"

His cheeks turned pink. No matter how hard he tried to hide it, there were still some remnants of the awkward, lovable Mike Wheeler she knew all those years ago.

"Y-Yeah, but this is just an English assignment, its not like a friend thing."

Eleven turned around fully and placed her hands on her hips, looking up at him, unconvinced.

"Why don't you go ask that girl you've been eye fucking in class for the past few days? She seems like a good..."

She chuckled.

"Writer, a good writer. Right, Max?"

Max laughed sarcastically alongside El.

"Oh yeah, totally. When I look at her, that's the first thing I think of...writing."

The look on Mike's face was priceless and both girls giggled to themselves as they turned back around in line.

He was completely dumbfounded, not knowing what to do or how to act after what just happened. It was his own damn fault for thinking that El would be willing to help him after he'd told her that he needed some space. Deep down, he was just trying to be around her and interact with her because as much as he hated it, he's still very much in love with her.

But, he's a different person now, and he's gotten much better at masking his true feelings. So, he just stood in line behind them and casually listened to their mini gossip session.

"Yeah, he's really hot and he's just so sweet to me. I can't wait for homecoming this weekend."

Mike's ears perked up at this. Wait, was she seeing someone?

"You guys are so cute together, it kills me." Max gushed. "I'm taking Lucas, of course, and I think he'll really like my dress."

Her eyes go wide. "Oooooo, the one with the cutouts?"

Mike visualized El in a sexy cutout dress and almost groaned out loud, but bit his lip just in time to cut it off.

Max nods and El squeals. "Oh my god, you're gonna look so hot, Lucas won't be able to keep his hands off of you."

"That's the idea." She smirks. "Hey, we should go shopping after school and get you something super sexy for Mason."

Mason, who's Mason?

Wait...is it...it can't be-

And then, Mason March sauntered over and pulled El in for a kiss. "Hey Janie girl."

She giggled and bit her lip. "Hey babe, wanna wait in line with us?"

He turned around and looked back at Mike with his signature douchebag smile.

"You don't mind, do you, Wheeler?"

Mike's jaw clenched and it took every ounce of his energy to put a small smile on his face.

"Not at all."

Of course, El was all over him and Mike knew she was doing it on purpose.

Great.

--

Finally, finally, they got their food and went back over to their table. Mike's appetite had been completely depleted during his time in line, so he just grabbed a bag of chips and walked out of the cafeteria.

He walked out to his bike and pulled a cigarette from the carton in his jeans, lighting it up.

El was dating Mason March? How the hell did that happen?

His teeth clenched down on the white roll and nearly split it in half as he thought about Mason kissing her, touching her...

It should've been him kissing her, him getting to touch her. He wanted her to buy a sexy dress with Max after school to impress him at homecoming.

"Fuck."

He flicked the butt down in front of him and crushed it with the heel of his boot, wishing it was Mason March beneath his heel.

The fifth period bell rang and he walked back towards the school, stopping by his locker to grab his bag before making his way to Chemistry.

Mr. Clarke stopped him on his way in and pulled him aside.

"Hey Mike. I just wanted to let you know that your lab partner dropped out. So, you'll have a new partner."

He looked over and saw the absolute last person he wanted to see:

Eleven.

She smirked and waved at him, blowing a bubble with her gum as he walked over and sat down next to her.

He didn't even look over at her as he unpacked his books.

"How'd you make this happen, huh? Did you blow your new

boyfriend in exchange for asking his dad to put you in this class?"

Mason's dad was the Principle of Hawkins High and everyone always made fun of him for it.

El chuckled. "Well, I did blow him, but it wasn't to get me into this class. That just happened, believe it or not."

Mike almost lost his shit right then and there, but somehow he managed to keep his composure. "Let's keep your private life private, alright? I don't need to know which sucker you're blowing today."

She huffed. "Uh huh, mister 'gets blown by every girl at Hawkins High except for Jane Hopper, even though he really want to."

"Well, if I'm getting blown by all the other girls, then why would I need or want you?"

He could tell that she was flustered and pissed off.

"Just keep denying it, Mike, but I think once you see me this weekend, you'll stop lying to yourself."

Mike gulped. Her homecoming dress.

"Who says I'll even be there to see it?"

She chuckled.

"Oh please, all the girls in dresses and desperate for attention? That's got Mike Wheeler written all over it."

His fists suddenly slammed down onto the desk, drawing the attention of the class to their table. He flashed her one last angry glare before storming out of the classroom, walking into the single bathroom and slamming the door behind him.

God, he was so sick of her little attitude. Oh, what he wouldn't give to fix her attitude and whip her into shape...

A small knock echoed through the room, bringing his thoughts to a halt.

"Mike?"

She'd followed him out here?

"What the hell do you want?"

She sighed. "Just come out here, please?"

He flipped the lock and opened the door, looking down at Eleven.

"Listen, if I overstepped-"

Mike laughed. "Oh, you think?"

Her cheeks went pink. "I'm sorry, that was too much, I shouldn't have said that stuff."

"I said stuff too, let's just call it even."

He crossed his arms and leaned against the doorway.

"What are we doing here? We're just tearing each other apart every opportunity we get and frankly, it's getting out of hand."

She nodded, looking down at the ground sheepishly.

"It is getting out of control, I agree with you on that. And, I'm sorry for all the times that I've started it. I'm just...trying to cope with all of this and I guess that I've still got some not-so-nice feelings about it, about you."

His expression softened ever so slightly, but he went to great lengths to hide it, but he couldn't get anything past El. She knew him too well.

"Yeah, I'm sorry too, for all the times I started it. And today at lunch, when I asked for your help with English..."

El held her hand up and stopped him. "It's alright."

"No, it wasn't. It was unfair to you and it put you in an awkward position...I deserved every insult you threw at me. I just..."



She hesitantly ran her hand down his arm. "Mike, I understand, you don't have to explain. I, uh, I feel it too."

His eyebrows furrowed. "What?"

"The pull towards you, just like the one you feel towards me."

He drew in a shaky breath. "Yeah, uh...what do you think that's about?"

Eleven moved her hand up until she was holding his cheek in her hand.

"Because we're in love, Mike."

Before he could even react, she walked away and back into the classroom.

Mike stood in the doorway for a long time, processing and repeating her words in his head before he finally regained control of his body and walked himself back to class, still in somewhat of a trance.

She loves me.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

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## 5. Black Leather {LIGHT SMUT}

### Summary for the Chapter:

El's recent declaration has quite the effect on Mike...

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!

here's chapter five...get ready for some light smut ;)

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Max was waiting at her car for El when she got out of class.

"Are you ready to go dress shopping?!"

She didn't know what to think at this point. Why'd she say that?

And, more importantly...did she really still love Mike?

"Hellooooo?"

Max waved her hand in front of El's face.

"Earth to El!"

"Sorry, I was just thinking about something."

Max huffed. "If it's about Wheeler today at lunch, then don't even give it another thought."

"No, it's something else...something that happened in Chemistry today..."

Both of them got into the hand-me-down Camero and Max started up the engine before turning her whole body towards El.

"What happened? He didn't try anything, did he?"

She immediately shook her head. "No! I know he's a major dick, but he'd never do anything like that. It was actually...something that I said."

"What did you say?"

Eleven took a deep breath. "I, uh, basically admitted that I'm still, y'know...in love with him."

Max's eyes went wide as saucers. "WHAT?! B-But you're with Mason now, you said that you'd gotten over him-"

"I know what I said, Max!"

She softened, looking apologetic.

"Sorry, I'm really, really confused. Why would I say that? I do like Mason and I do want to be with him...but, Mike is Mike and there's just a lot of unresolved feelings there."

Her friend draped her arm over her shoulder and El looked over at her, smiling.

"I totally get it, El, feelings suck."

"I'm starting to realize that."

She chuckled, then sighed and hung her head.

"It's just...Mike's always gonna be my first love a-and I'm not sure that my feelings for him will ever go away completely, no matter how hard I try."

"Have you and Mike talked about it, or have you considered talking to him about it?"

El shook her head. "We haven't really talked about it, but you remember what he told me at his house, he needs some time."

Max rolled her eyes. "Yeah, whatever, sure he does. He's just battling the same feelings as you, El, and he doesn't want to talk about it because he's a stubborn asshole."

She looked up at her redheaded friend with a hopeful glint in her eyes.

"Y-You think he still love me, too?"

"Of course he does, El. Why do you think he keeps trying to be around you all the time? He literally started hanging out with Troy and his goons and keeps hanging out with them because he wants to keep his mind off of you. All that smoking, drinking, and hooking up? That's all to cope with the loss of you."

Eleven sighed. "I knew I should've come back. He never would've been like this if it wasn't for me..."

"Hold on...this is not your fault, El, okay? Mike made his own choices, he didn't have to do any of that stuff, but he did. Don't blame yourself for his dumbass decisions."

She nodded. "Yeah I know, and that's what I told him at his house, but I still feel kinda bad about it. I know it's not my fault but-"

"But you love him."

El looked up at her best friend and nodded slightly.

"Well, just try not to blame yourself too much, alright?"

She squeezed her hand.

"Hey, let's go pick out something sexy for Homecoming, yeah? That'll help get your mind off of it, for sure."

El smiled and Max pulled out of the school lot, making her way through downtown Hawkins towards the dress shop.

--

She loves me?

Mike's knuckles were white on the handlebars as he pulled into his driveway.

So...she basically admits that she loves me, but she's dating Mason March...what the fuck is that?!

His jaw clenched and he stormed into the house and up the stairs without a single word, slamming his room door shut behind him. He sits down on his chair by the window and pulls out the pack of cigarettes.

Karen won't let him smoke in the house, but he always does anyways, opening the window to lessen the smell. He flicks the lighter on and closes his eyes, letting the nicotine buzz set in.

Then, his mind wandered back to El, and again he thought about her and Mason...together. He tried to think about something, anything other than El and Mason, but he couldn't.

How could she be with someone else when she still loves him?

He forced his thoughts to shift to El exclusively, which was a much more pleasant thought. That is, until he began thinking about her in...compromising positions.

"Shit."

His eyes wandered down to the bulge forming in his pants, groaning at the sight. He couldn't help it, he'd been wondering what Eleven looks like naked ever since he was 13, and it never failed to get him going.

Mike took a few more long drags before crushing the butt in a mug and standing up, walking over to his dresser. Underneath his socks and boxers was his extensive Playboy collection, and a few porn tapes that he used only when he really needed them.

Today seemed to be one of those days.

So, he tucked his growing erection into the waistband of his pants and slid the tape into the inner pocket of his leather jacket before making his way to the basement.

"Mike? Are you alright?"

He stopped and cringed. "I'm fine, Mom, just going down to the basement."

"Okay, honey."

His face quickly relaxed and he rushed into the basement before she asked anymore questions, closing the door firmly behind him. He put the tape in the TV and sat down in his dad's old chair, pulling his

pants down just enough to expose his erection before clicking the 'play' button on the remote.

An attractive young woman, dressed in tight black leather, appears on screen as she walks into a local biker bar. Mike grits his teeth and reaches down, wrapping a hand around his growing dick, giving the base a firm squeeze.

"Mmmmmmm..."

The movie progressed while Mike pumped his length, encouraging it to grow as he thought of El in a tight black leather bodysuit. He imagined being the envy of every biker in Hawkins if she was riding on the back of his bike with a tight little leather bodysuit on.

And they'd all know that she belonged to him. Not Mason, not anyone. She was his.

His cock throbbed in his grip as the thought manifested and intensified in his mind.

By this point, the sex had already started on the screen, and Mike watched as the girl was bent over the bike and entered from behind. Her face contorted and suddenly, she looked almost identical what he imagined El would look like with that expression. He wasn't sure if it was his imagination or not, but he just went along with it, stroking himself harder.

"Fuuuuck, El."

Soon, in his mind, the pornstar looked exactly like El and Mike was in heaven, watching intently as she gets pounded, body rocking back and forth with each of the man's forceful thrusts.

Mike imagined being behind El, watching his cock pull out and push back into her creamy pussy, hearing her gasp and whimper with each of his methodical thrusts. His hips began to buck up into his hand, simulating the pace of his hips he'd use on El.

"Yeah, do you like that dirty girl? Fuck, you're so tight."

His strokes quickened and his grip tightened, forcing a low growl

from deep in his chest.

"God, best fucking pussy I've ever had, Jesus Christ."

He felt his orgasm approaching, hips quickening.

"Gonna cum, gonna fucking cum deep in your sweet little cunt."

The chair began to squeak and groan as his movements grew more and more forceful, balls beginning to tighten.

"I've got so much fucking cum for you, El, t-think you can take it all? I bet you can, filthy fucking c-cumslut, o-ohhhh f-f-fuuuuuck."

He looked down as the first creamy white rope shoots from his tip and he quickly pulls up his shirt to prevent any stains. Several more ropes coated his abdomen and hand before he released his softening length.

Mike couldn't remember a time that he'd cum that much, not even when he fucked Jennifer Hayes at her houseparty. His body was still buzzing from release as he pulled his pants back up and wiped the drying cum from his skin.

Perhaps it was his post-orgasmic mind, but he suddenly decided that he needed to see El. And the only way to do that was by going over to the dress shop on Main.

In a daring move, he rushed out of the house and hopped on his bike, heading directly for the dress shop.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work and want to see more, please leave kudos and/or comments!! it helps motivate me and i enjoy hearing from y'all!

## 6. Dress Shopping {LIGHT MILEVEN SMUT}

### Summary for the Chapter:

El and Max go dress shopping, and an unexpected guest joins them.

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!  
another smutty chapter for you ;)

-

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Max had two armfuls of dresses for El to try on after only five minutes of being in the store.

"You've got to try them all on!"

She cringed. "Max...that's like ten dresses! Let's narrow it down a little bit, for my sanity? Please?"

Max nodded and both girls were able to narrow it down to five, much to the redhead's protest.

"Great, now which one should I try on first?"

El held up two dresses, a black one and a pink one.

Suddenly, a deep voice came from behind her.

"The pink one, definitely. It brings out your eyes."

She spun around and looked up at the source of the voice, Mike Wheeler. El shoved the dresses back into Max's hands before approaching the tall, leather-clad young man.



"What are you doing here?"

He rubbed the back of his neck awkwardly, more of his true personality coming to light.

"Can we, uh, talk for a second?"

El huffed. "What's there to talk about, Michael?"

"You know exactly what I want to talk about, Eleven. Now, can we go out back and talk for a sec?"

She nodded and both of the teens walked out into the back alley, Mike sitting on the stairs while Eleven stood in front of him.

"So, what's this all abo-"

"You love me?!"

Her cheeks went bright red. "Oh...that..."

"Uh, yeah, that. What the fuck, El? You suddenly just throw that out there like it's no big deal?"

El nibbled her lip and looked down at the ground.

"I shouldn't have said anything, I'm sorry about that. I didn't mean to make things more complicated between us."

His eyebrows flew up his forehead and he chuckled sarcastically.

"You...You didn't mean to make things more complicated?! Bullshit. You knew exactly what you were doing when you said it!"

She bit the inside of her cheek. "No, I didn't, Mike! I thought that...I-I don't know what I thought..."

"Oh, please, you knew exactly what was going to happen if you said that to me! You know that this has been hard for me and I told you that I needed a moment to think about things! But then you throw this on top of everything?!"

Her eyes began to water. "I-I...I'm sorry, Mike. I regret saying

anything."

When his eyes met hers, El almost burst into tears right then and there. The pain and conflict in his eyes was too much to bear, and she hated that she'd caused it.

He stood up and stepped right in front of her, looking down with the same pained expression.

"Did you, uhh...did you mean it?"

His voice was barely above a whisper.

She didn't hesitate, immediately nodding, blushing even harder. "I did, I m-meant it."

Before she could process it, Mike had pushed her back against the brick wall and his lips were all over hers. The kiss was quick yet passionate, the kind that two kids in love would share, and it actually reminded Eleven of their first kiss together...that night.

But, this was so much more complicated than that, and they both knew it.

Eleven pushed gently on his chest and his lips detached from hers, eyes meeting hers with a confused expression written in them.

"I...I'm still with Mason..."

Suddenly, and before Mike could even react, Eleven crashed her lips onto his, this kiss much more desperate. Her hands weaved themselves through his hair and tugged on the strands, causing Mike to groan into her mouth.

He pulled away briefly, only to laugh softly. "What about you and Mason?"

She rolled her eyes.

"Just kiss me."

His lips collided with hers once more and their tongues explored every curve and crevice of each other's mouths. Both moaned into the kiss at one point or another, El couldn't remember, so wrapped up in

the moment.

Mike's hands began to explore her body, trailing up and down the outline of her slim figure, soon resting on her hips. He pressed his own hips into her body and she gasped when his growing erection brushed against her lower stomach.

El pulled away one last time, both of them panting softly. "W-We shouldn't...go any further."

"Fuck." He sighed, taking a step back.

"Sorry, I just..."

His eyes traveled down to the obvious bulge in his pants, groaning.

Her legs rub together, trying to soothe the slight burning between them as her eyes appraised the outline. He was big, just like she imagined all those times when she was exploring herself.

"What if we, uh, h-helped each other?"

Mike bit his lip. "Jesus Christ, El..."

"It d-doesn't mean anything, if that's what you're thinking. We're just doing it as...two people who need each other's help with a problem."

He nodded, trying to pretend that he wasn't turned on by the whole situation, seeing that she was doing the same.

"Okay, let's do it."

She bit back a grin as she reached out to unzip his pants, pulling out his hardening length while Mike cupped her wet heat with his hand. He groaned softly at the feeling before El shot him a warning look.

"No sounds. This is just a favor, alright?"

Mike held back a smirk. "Uh huh, sure it is."

His fingers suddenly pressed and circled her clit once, causing her to gasp out loud.

"Good luck with that whole 'no sounds' thing, Eleven."

The corners of her lips curled up into a devilish grin and she grabbed

his cock, holding it firmly before giving it a quick pump, making him growl.

"Good luck to you, too."

He clenched his jaw as El's hand continued its ministrations on his cock, keeping the pressure consistent with each pump. His fingers pressed harder onto her sensitive nub and he continued circling it before he dipped beneath the fabric, fingers coming into contact with her bare folds.

Both of them were trying so hard not to make a single noise, clearly wanting to see who could handle the most touching without making any noises. El found that Mike's fingers were quite talented, not that she expected any less, but it was making it extremely difficult to keep quiet.

A quiet whimper escaped her lips and she immediately smacked a hand across her mouth while Mike looked at her with a proud smirk. His fingers rubbed over her bare folds for a little while before pressing their way into her welcoming walls, forcing El's eyes to squeeze shut.

Her pace on his cock faltered and he huffed, reaching down with his other hand to hold her wrist while he started thrusting against her.

"What, are my fingers too much for you? Doesn't Mason ever finger you, or is he one of those selfish lovers?"

She glared up at him and moved her hand away from her mouth. "He does, not that it's any of your fucking business...and no, they're not too much at all, I just got a little distracted."

El gripped and pumped his cock again, watching as Mike's head fell back and he groaned under his breath, quickly losing his composure with each of her strokes. His teeth ground together as he looked down and noticed how tiny her hand looked wrapped around him, just as he thought it would that night at Troy's house.

"Fuck."

His hips began rocking back and forth in time with her movements as

he felt her walls start to pulsate around his fingers, letting him know that she was getting close. She bit down on her lip hard enough to draw blood, unable to stop her hand from gripping his bicep tightly.

"Oh god..."

He smirked, adding a third finger instantly. "Y-Yeah, you like my fingers, huh?"

She whimpered in response, which Mike took as a yes, increasing his speed.

"El, I want you to say it."

"S-Say what?"

Mike grinned. "Say that you like my fingers."

Eleven remained silent, but he could tell that she wanted to say it.

"Mike, don't do this."

"Do what?"

She looked sheepish. "Act like t-this is...something, when it isn't. It isn't anything, Mike, please tell me that you understand that."

"Okay, whatever." He growled. "Just make me fucking cum."

El increased her pace on his length, feeling him start to throb beneath her touch.

"A-Are you gonna...?"

He nodded, closing his eyes.

"Almost t-there...fuck!"

Mike quickly pulled away and furiously jerked himself off to the side, splattering his cum onto the pavement below.

After he was finished, his fingers pushed themselves back into her walls and eagerly resumed their quickened pace. He was determined to finish what he started, to witness El as she came around his

fingers.

"C'mon Eleven, I know you're close. Just let go."

Her grip on his bicep grew tighter and she looked up into his eyes, desperate for release.

"M-Mike...oh, god!"

Suddenly, her walls gripped his fingers like a vice as she came, head hitting the bricks.

Mike almost came again at the feeling and, mixed with her facial expression and small noises, he was already hardening again. No one, not even Jennifer Hayes, got him that hard that quickly.

Both of them pulled away from each other, catching their breath as they got themselves straightened out.

El walked back into the store first, with Mike following shortly after, neither speaking a word to each other as she went back over to Max while he walked towards the door.

But, before he left, he made sure that the girls weren't watching as he placed a \$100 bill in front of the cashier. He nodded over towards Max and Eleven.

"For her dress, whichever one she chooses."

The clerk nodded and he walked out the door, a small smile on his face.

He couldn't wait to see which one she ended up picking.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work and want to see more, please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps motivate me and i like hearing from y'all!

## 7. Homecoming [Part One] {LIGHT MILEVEN & NON-MILEVEN SMUT}

### Summary for the Chapter:

~Part One of Two~

The Hawkins High homecoming has finally arrived!

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!

welcome to part one of the homecoming dance!!

buckle up for a smutty, angsty ride!

(for the guest who asked about the "cheating" tag, this is where it comes into play)

-  
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### Friday of Hawkins High Homecoming, 1988

The whole school was abuzz during last period on Friday, everyone anticipating the big homecoming football game taking place that night.

As soon as the bell rang that afternoon at three, the whole student body poured out of the doors towards the football field. The pre-game festivities would soon begin, but Mike Wheeler and El Hopper had other plans.

Ever since the dress shop, Mike and Eleven had been secretly seeing each other almost every day after school. Their meeting spots usually varied, but today's spot was in the woods behind the school, a place where Mike used to frequent whenever he missed El.

Oh, how the tables have turned.

Hand-in-hand, they rushed behind the large oak tree at the edge of the forest and El gasped when Mike pushed her back against the bark. Their lips collided in a sloppy smooch while his hands grabbed at her waist, pulling her closer against him.

El moaned into his mouth and wrapped her legs around his waist, pressing her heated core against his growing bulge, making him growl. His lips moved down to her neck, kissing and gently sucking at her skin, making sure not to leave any marks. Mason could not know about this, because as often as Mike Wheeler worked out, Mason March was the captain and star of the Hawkins High football team. He knew he couldn't take on Mason March without being beaten to a pulp, so they agreed on a 'no marks' rule.

But, that didn't mean he couldn't tease the living hell out of her with his lips and teeth.

Her head fell back against the tree trunk and her back arched into him. "M-Mike..."

"God...you're so beautiful, Eleven."

She smiled to herself, tugging at his hair. "We have to be quick today, M-Mason's expecting me at the t-tailgate."

He sighed and pulled away, looking at her.  
"Should we just kiss today?"

El nodded, biting her lip. "Sorry, I just don't want to risk anything."

Mike forced a smile and placed a quick kiss on her lips.  
"It's alright, El, I understand."

"I'm going to break up with him."  
She says between kisses.  
"After homecoming, I promise."

Of course, Mike's heartbroken that El is still with Mason when her feelings are clearly so strong for him, but he understands that it's hard for her to hurt people.

Yet another side-effect from her years at the lab, Mike thought with



sadness.

They continue to make out for a few more minutes, hands roaming each other's bodies, before El checked her watch and gasped at the time.

"Oh god, I've got to go! I'll see you at the dance tomorrow!"

He placed one last kiss on her lips and watched her rush back down the hill towards the field. A small smile grazed his face before he started his own decent, pulling out a cigarette on his way.

She didn't like that he smoked now, so he avoided doing it around her whenever he could manage. He'd probably try to quit if they ever got back together, especially since she hated it so much.

He hopped onto his bike and lit the cigarette before making the short journey back to his house. Mike wasn't in the mood for the football game tonight, much more excited for the events of tomorrow night.

--

Saturday of Hawkins High Homecoming, 1988

Mike tightened his bowtie and looked at himself in the mirror, thinking that he looked pretty damn good tonight.

But he bet El looked better.

He really hoped that she'd picked the pink dress, it suited her really well and, like he said in the store, it brought out the color of her eyes.

After Karen insisted on taking about a million photos of him, he threw his thick leather jacket overtop his tux and hopped onto his bike, lighting a cigarette before riding down Maple Street.

His mind was flooded with thoughts of Eleven as he pulled into the school parking lot, feeling a sense of excitement at the sight of the colored strobe lights flashing through the window of the gym. He hung up his coat and paid for a ticket before walking into the gym, looking around at everyone all dressed up.

Almost immediately, his eyes landed on Eleven, who was wearing the pink dress from the shop and looking absolutely stunning in it. Her smile was contagious, just seeing it from afar brought a small smile to his face, which he quickly shed when Mason walked up and put his arm around her.

Mike's fists clenched at his sides as he walked over to the punch bowl, pouring himself a cupful before he felt a presence beside him. He looked down and saw that it was El, which made his heart skip a beat.

"Never did I think I'd see a day where Mike Wheeler is wearing a suit."

He chuckled, taking a sip of his punch. "I just needed the right girl to bring it out of me, I guess."

Her cheeks flushed pink.

"It looks good on you."

They turned to face each other and Mike was rendered breathless at the sight of Eleven in her dress. She looked even better than he thought, something he'd previously deemed impossible, and yet, here she was. The shade of light pink really did bring out her honeyed brown eyes, and he felt himself getting lost in her gaze.

"Y-You look beautiful."

She bit her lip and blushed even harder. "Thank you, Mike."

Suddenly, a slow song began playing over the speakers and his heart sank when he saw Mason walking over. He nodded slightly as he backed away.

"Well, that's my cue to leave. See you around, El."

He spun around and walked over to a vacant table in the corner of the floor, sitting down with a sigh. Mike watched as El and Mason laughed and danced to the slow tune, wanting to look away but finding himself unable to.

A pair of hands rest themselves on his shoulders and he flinches,

before a soft voice tickles his ear.

"Mike Wheeler."

He smirked, recognizing the voice as that of Jennifer Hayes, his best lay to-date. "Jenni...it's been a little while."

She walked around and sat in the seat next to him, turning to look at him, hands now resting just above his knees.

"It's been too long."

Mike felt his control slipping as his eyes roamed her body, pausing to appreciate her full breasts that were all but popping out of her dress. No, he couldn't do this to El. He was going to say no.

But, all of those thoughts went out the window when she sat back in her chair and spread her legs just enough for him to get a peek at the lace underneath.

His voice was no more than a whisper. "Jesus."

Just walk away, Mike. Make up an excuse about the bathroom, she can't follow you in there.

"I've missed you, Mike, so much..."

He stopped breathing when Jennifer grabbed his wrist and guided his fingers over her panties, which were already wet. She leaned in real close and whispered,

"Can you feel how much?"

She gasped softly when his hand suddenly wrapped around her jaw, eyes glistening with a primal hunger.

"Behave yourself, Jenni, or else you'll get yourself into some real trouble."

He growled, smirking when he felt her shudder.

Stop it, stop it now. You can't do this to El.

"But Mike, what if I want to get into trouble? You know how much I like it when you punish me, put me back in my place..."

Don't do it!

His jaw clenched, the tent pitching in his pants suddenly becoming unbearable.

He finally relented to his desire, and he would come to regret it later. But, right now, he's got a sexy young woman begging for him. How could he deny her, when she looked so...desperate?

"Meet me out back in five minutes, and make sure you're nice and wet."

She nodded and Mike stood up, hands strategically placed to cover the obvious erection tenting his dress pants before making his way to the back door.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work and would like to see more,  
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really  
motivates me and i like hearing from y'all!

## 8. Homecoming [Part Two] {NON-MILEVEN SMUT}

### Summary for the Chapter:

~Part Two of Two~

Mike's successfully seduced by Jennifer Hayes...but what about his relationship with El?

NOTE: in the tags, i say "kinda cheating", meaning they (mike and el) weren't explicitly in a relationship.

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!

our first pure smut chapter has arrived! but...get ready for some angst to follow...sorry y'all, i just love the drama!

\*\*i wrote this a little more "fantasy" than my normal smut scenes. idk, i was just feeling it for some reason. i literally don't think it's physically possible to squirt three times in a row, but whatever...it's called fanFICTION for a reason!\*\*

-

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When El noticed Jennifer Hayes at the dance, she had a bad feeling about how the night was going to go.

She watched Jennifer saunter over to Mike, who was sitting alone at the table, and instantly start flirting with him. At first, he seemed disinterested. But, as she persisted, El saw Mike's wall of willpower start to crumble.

Her stomach dropped.

Jennifer Hayes was a pretty girl, El couldn't deny, but she wasn't anything special. She's heard plenty of rumors about Jennifer's performance in the sack, which is said to be out of this world, but is that really all guys cared about?

And, more importantly, is it enough for Mike to sleep with her tonight?

The thought shattered El's heart into a million pieces. She'd always been in love with Mike Wheeler, but now that they were spending lots of time together...her had feelings doubled, hell, they'd tripled.

She had to break things off with Mason, she knew that, but it was easier said than done. Mason had ended up being a really great boyfriend and El liked him very much. But, no one could even begin to compare to the way she felt about Mike.

Suddenly, out of the corner of her eye, she saw Mike rushing towards the back door and her heart sank.

He's really going to go through with it.

--

"F-Fuck!"

His large hand furiously stroked his length and his balls tightened.

He knew that he had to cum at least once before Jennifer came out, so hard and full that he could easily stay hard for two rounds. It was a blessing and a curse.

"That's it...oh god..."

The white roll between his teeth almost split in half when he came, teeth biting down hard as his release painted the pavement below. His hips were desperately rutting into his hand even after his high, begging for more.

Suddenly, the back door swung open and Jennifer stepped out, looking over at Mike with a smirk. She strode over and reached down, running her fingers through her folds before holding them up

for him to see the slick that glistened in the moonlight.

He groaned, feeling his cock jump in anticipation.

"Knees, now."

She dropped down and opened her mouth, eagerly awaiting his length while he flicked his cigarette away.

Mike smirked and began stroking himself again, positioning his tip right in front of her tongue, just out of reach. He heard her whimper, which only egged him on further, squeezing just below the tip until a bead of precum dripped down onto her tastebuds.

Jennifer moaned, hand sliding down to dip beneath her dress, but Mike noticed right away and wrapped his hand around her neck again, bringing her movements to a halt.

"Don't you dare."

She stared straight into his eyes and smirked, reaching down anyways, rubbing circles over her clit.

He immediately stood up and gripped her neck even tighter, bending over to rip the hand away from her folds.

"Disobey me again and I'll leave you out here like this, dripping wet with no one to help you."

"Who's to say I won't have someone to help me? There are other guys in that gym who'd be more than willing to help me out."

He chuckled. "But they'll never satisfy you, right? No one's gonna fuck you like I do, right, Jenni?"

"I-I'm sure t-they'll do a g-good enough j-job."

Mike pulled away completely and wrapped a hand around his cock, jutting his hips out proudly, just to show off in front of her. His head fell back and he groaned, really laying it on thick for Jennifer.

"Mmmmmmmffuck, so fucking good."

Her mouth watered and she chewed on her lip, feeling the wet patch

between her legs grow as she watched Mike's hand bounce up-and-down the cock she so desperately wanted, no, needed.

In a soft voice, she said,  
"I'm sorry."

He stopped and glared down at her with a proud grin. "What was that?"

"I...I'm sorry."

His eyebrow raised. "What are you sorry for?"

"F-For teasing you."

Mike chuckled darkly.

"Good girl. But, I'm still going to punish you."

He stepped up to her again, tip rubbing over her lips.

"Open wide."

Jennifer's jaw instantly relaxed and her mouth fell open, to which Mike just smirked. He suddenly pulled her head down while thrusting his hips forward, sheathing his entire length inside her mouth.

She began gagging and Mike held her on him for a moment before letting her pull back, knowing that he was bigger than most. After a mere few seconds, she forced her mouth back onto his length and Mike groaned, throwing his head back.

"Ohhhhhhh..."

Her lips curled up around his cock as she looked up at him, winking before starting to suck. His eyes fluttered shut and his hand wrapped itself tighter in her hair, definitely messing up her fancy updo but it seemed that she didn't really mind.

"Fuck, you're too good at this, Jen."

He moaned, feeling his hips start to buck forward instinctively.

As she re-adjusted more and more to Mike's size, her movements increased in skill and precision, quickly bringing him right up to the edge. His hips were rutting quickly into her now, chasing a release



that wasn't far off.

"That's it, take that cock. Fuck!"

Mike had to push her off right before he came, growling as the feeling of orgasm faded. He glared down at her and tugged on her hair.

"Get up and put your hands on the wall, spread your legs."

She did as he commanded, getting into position while Mike stood behind her, jerking off before sliding a condom onto his rock hard length. His logic had been completely clouded by the intense lust and need for release, he didn't even think about what he was doing and what it might mean for his relationship with Eleven.

He lined up and pushed in, cursing as Jennifer's walls stretched out around him. His hips seemed to have a mind of their own, immediately starting to rut into her. She gasped when his hand suddenly snatched her hair again, pulling it and forcing her back to arch.

"M-Mike!"

She gasped, vocabulary suddenly reduced to a series of whimpers and moans.

Her noises only encouraged him, hand pulling harder on her hair while his hips thrust faster.

"C-Christ, so fucking tight."

Their bodies continued to collide, each powerful thrust forcing her forward and backward along with his motions.

Soon, he felt her start to clench around him, the fact bringing a smirk to Mike's face.

"Are you gonna cum already?"

She nodded, tears swelling in her eyes.

"I-I...I think—AH!"

Suddenly, Mike felt a small stream of liquid hit his cock and he almost came when he realized what it was.

"You...You just fucking squirted."

Her head turned and she looked up at him with blurry eyes. "P-Please..."

Mike was beyond aroused at this point, using every ounce of his willpower not to cum.

"D-Do you think you can do it again? Can you s-squirt again for me?"

Jennifer whimpered, tears starting to pour down her face, smudging her makeup. "M-Make m-me, please M-Mike."

Who could deny a request like that?

He grinned. "I know you can. You're my good little slut, aren't you? Gonna squirt as many times as I want, give me anything I want."

"Y...Y-Yes, Mike, p-please!"

A primal growl tore from his mouth and in an instant, he was fucking her as hard as he possibly could, hand trailing down to rub her clit. As soon as his finger circled her nub, she was coming again with a shriek.

He pulled out at just the right moment, shoving his fingers inside her before a stream of liquid projected out around his fingers, covering his hand and dripping down onto the pavement of the alleyway. Jennifer Hayes was already his best lay to-date, but this put her ahead by a landslide, and Mike wasn't sure anyone could take the title from her. He's only seen squirting on a porno once and he remembers wishing that he'd be able to experience it in real life. His wish came true tonight, that's for sure.

"H-Holy shit, that was...have you ever squirted before? You didn't do that when we first hooked up, I definitely would've remembered it."

Her voice was breathy. "It's o-only happened o-once, b-but I was using my t-toys."

Mike groaned, pulling his fingers out of her. "I'm gonna get one more out of you, okay? But if you're too sore, tell me and I'll stop."

She was quite surprised at his questioning tone, used to Mike Wheeler just taking it without asking. "T-Take what you need, M-Mike."

He nudged her legs apart once again and, with a firm grip on her hips, sheathed himself inside of her with one swift thrust. Her body tensed up for a moment and she sucked in a breath, indicating that she was indeed a bit sensitive from her orgasms.

"You still good?"

Jennifer nodded, still surprised to see this softer side of Mike Wheeler. "Mmmhmmm, a-all good."

His hips steadily built up to their original punishing pace, giving Jennifer some extra time to re-adjust. Mike knew that he wasn't going to last very long, especially if he got her to squirt again.

Slap-slap-slap

"F-Fuck, I'm not g-gonna last long."

Slap-slap-slap

Her head fell forward and he felt her legs shaking, trying to continue supporting her weight, but he could tell that it was only a matter of time before she fell over. He wrapped his arm around her waist and lifted her up a little bit, just enough to take most of the weight off her legs, a move that she was great full for.

"C'mon, cum for me again, Jenni." He whispered in her ear, digging his chin into the meat of her shoulder.

She soon began clenching around him again, noises slowly growing louder with each of Mike's thrusts. Mike gives her everything he's got left, pounding her into a third orgasm rather quickly.

"Oh god, shit!"

As soon as he felt the first burst of liquid from her, he was finished, burying his hips deep inside her while emptying his load into the condom.

"Nnnnnngrrrrrhhhh...fuuuuck."

He kept his hips in place through his entire orgasm, rutting his hips gently. The lustful fog that previously clouded his mind had now cleared, and reality hit him like a freight train.

His stomach dropped and he immediately pulled away, yanking the condom from his softening cock before pulling his pants back up. His head was pounding, or was that the sound of his heartbeat? He didn't even care to think about it, mind consumed with how royally he'd just fucked things up for himself.

Jennifer turned around and looked up at him, cheeks stained with tears.

"What's wrong?"

"I-I fucked up."

Mike's shaky hands reached into his jacket pocket for the pack of cigarettes, pulling one out and lighting it up.

"We shouldn't have done that, I'm sorry Jennifer."

Before she even had a chance to respond, Mike took off down the alley towards the parking lot, leaving a thin trail of smoke in his path.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

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please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really  
motivates me as a writer and i like hearing from  
y'all!

## 9. Fallout

### Summary for the Chapter:

The aftermath of the homecoming dance.

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!

so...mike really fucked up, huh? ugh! plenty of angst and nasty words exchanged here, but it'll get better, i promise!

-

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Monday morning rolled around and Eleven still hadn't seen or spoken to Mike after the events of Homecoming. She watched Mike walk out the back door, and then saw Jennifer slip out about five minutes later. El didn't even need to ask or go out to see what was happening, because she already knew.

Mason drove her to school that morning and they walked into school together, hand in hand. She really hoped that Mike was around to see it. He wasn't, much to her dismay, so she pulled away with the excuse of needing to go to class early.

El was going to break up with Mason right after the dance, but when she saw everything with Mike and Jennifer, she decided not to. Sure, she still wanted to break up with him, but she needed to retaliate first. And she needed Mason to help her with that.

The morning went by in a flash and soon, it was lunchtime. She met her boyfriend outside of the lunch room and walked in with his arm around her waist. Almost instantly, she felt Mike's eyes on her, and she looked over at him. He quickly flicked his eyes away, which

made her chuckle.

Just to piss him off even more, she made sure to touch and kiss him as much as she could, feeling Mike's burning glare every time she did so.

--

Mike had a pit in his stomach ever since Saturday night. He felt genuinely sick over the fact that he'd essentially cheated on El, and he hasn't felt this bad about anything since she disappeared all those years ago.

He pulled up to school fifteen minutes late, as per usual, hoping to see El in a classroom or even in the hallways. He didn't, of course, which was at the same time a relief as it was a burden. He didn't see her until lunch, and what he saw pissed him off.

It was obvious that she was trying to be all touchy-feely with Mason just to get him riled up, and unfortunately, she was succeeding. Mike felt the guilty pit in his stomach turn to a pit of rage as he watched Eleven kiss and touch Mason.

He grabbed his lunch quickly and walked out of the dining hall, unable to find it in himself to sit through an entire thirty minutes of the 'El and Mason' show. His feet instinctively took him out to his bike, where he had a smoke while shoving the less-than-appetizing cafeteria food down his gullet.

Next up was chemistry, and he really wasn't ready to sit next to Eleven for a whole hour. He shuddered just thinking about it.

The bell rang shortly after and he groaned, throwing his trash away and leaving his tray on a table outside before walking through the crowded hallways and into the chemistry room. Mr. Clarke greeted him like always and he simply nodded, trying to avoid eye contact with the girl sitting at the lab table.

He was successful in not meeting her eyes as he walked over and sat down on the unforgiving plastic stool, dropping his bag on his lap, looking for his notebook and a pencil. The late bell rang and Mr.

Clarke started the class off with a pop quiz, to everyone's dismay.

A chorus of groans and murmurs spread throughout the classroom as he handed out the papers, telling everyone that it was an easy 'A' as long as everyone had been paying attention in class. Another round of muted groans made their way around the room before Mr. Clarke silenced them.

"You have five minutes to complete the quiz, starting...now."

Five minutes passed in a flash and Mike was silently thanking whatever higher power there was that he'd actually been paying attention last week in class, mostly thanks to El, who took classes very seriously.

As soon as the quizzes were collected and Mr. Clarke began the lecture, the tension between them came to the forefront of his mind. It was so obvious, hanging thick in the air, he briefly wondered if anyone else could sense it.

They had their last two classes together and didn't speak a single word to each other until the dismissal bell rang at three o'clock. Mike decided that they needed to talk about it, so he caught her right outside the doors of the school.

"El!"

She whipped around and glared at him as he approached.

"I have no reason to talk to you right now, Michael."

He gritted his teeth, trying to contain his annoyance at her dismissive tone.

"Oh, but I think you do. You've got questions, things you'd like to say to me, stuff that I know you've been holding back from everyone...even Max."

Her nostrils flared as he spoke, cracking shortly after, unable to hold back any longer.

"You're a piece of shit. A lying, manipulative DICK!"

El turned to him, eyes full of fire.

"I can't believe that you went off with Jennifer Hayes...actually, you know what? I can, I can believe it. When I saw her, I knew that something was gonna happen. I know you can't resist her slutty ass because no one's ever gonna tame you, isn't that right? You just want to fuck as many girls as you can because that's better and easier than actually committing to someone, right Mike?!"

Mike tried to keep his composure, but hearing her slander him like that sent him right over the edge. He stepped forward, pinning her right up against the bricks of the school, staring down at her with angry eyes.

"You really want to talk about slutty and non-committing with me, really? Like you're so much better, miss cheated-on-her-boyfriend-multiple-times. You act like you're above all that stuff, but you aren't! You're no better than Jennifer Hayes. Actually, I'd argue that you're worse than her."

Suddenly, El lifted her hand and was about to slap him across the face, but he seized her wrist and slammed it back against the wall. She gasped at the sudden motion, trying to free herself from beneath his punishing grip.

"Let me go, you shit!"

Tears were forming in her eyes, his words stinging with truth.

"You're always pushing your problems and the blame onto someone else because you're WEAK. You're WEAK, Mike!"

"Clearly you haven't looked in the mirror recently."

He growled and pressed her even further against the bricks.

"When are you going to realize that you're the weak one, Eleven? I know that I'd have broken things off with a significant other the second I realized that I was in love with you, because it's the strong thing to do. You're stringing Mason along, just like you strung me along, telling me that you loved me and that you were gonna break up with him."

"Shut up!"

The tears burned in her eyes, swelling and threatening to spill out.



"At least I didn't fuck someone the second I had an opportunity like you did! I bet you didn't even hesitate when you stuck your dick in her, did you? You probably didn't even think about me once afterwards! You probably don't even regret it."

His grip and expression softened for a moment, taken aback at her accusation. He leaned in, hot breath on her skin as he looked deep into her eyes.

"You don't know what you're talking about, so I suggest you shut your little mouth before you cross another line with me."

She huffed.

"I'm not scared of you. I know the mask you put on, and I know the real person behind it. That person is the one who saved me from the storm, believed in me even though everyone else thought you were crazy, and who gave me my first taste of a real life. That person is the one I'm in love with, and I thought that I could bring that out of you again, but I was wrong."

He growled as she stared right back up at him with a matching intensity.

"You're the monster, Mike."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

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please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really  
motivates me and i like hearing from y'all!

## 10. Monster

### Summary for the Chapter:

El breaks up with Mason and tries to drown her sorrows in the mystery punch bowl at the Harrington's house party...it doesn't go well. At least \*someone\* makes sure she gets home safe.

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey, everyone!  
two months have passed since homecoming...are they ever going to make amends? we'll see ;)

-

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"You're the monster, Mike."

He immediately pushed away and let go of her. She quickly rushed away and Mike just stood there, reeling.

I am the monster.

His head fell into his hands as he tried to hold back the tears filling his eyes, biting his quivering bottom lip.

How could she say that so casually?

El knew exactly what she said...she wanted him to have an inner crisis, he realized, which only made him angry again. She knows what that means to him and she knows how seriously he takes things like this.

Eventually, he calmed himself down enough to drive home, still in somewhat of a trance as he pulled up to his house and shut off his bike. He rushed up to his room and slammed the door shut, hands

running through his hair as the tears began to fall.

Why'd she have to say that?

--

Two Months Later...

With shaky hands, El picks up the phone and dials Max's number. It rings a few times before her best friend's voice comes through the speaker.

"Hey girl, what's up?"

She sniffles and immediately, the cheery tone in Max's voice ceases.

"El...did something happen? Are you in trouble?"

Her head shakes. "N-No. I, uh, b-broke up with M-Mason."

"What? When?"

"J-Just now."

Max leaps up off her bed and pulls her shoes on.

"I'll be there in ten."

After what felt like an hour, Max finally tapped on the first floor window of El's bedroom. She climbed in and immediately gave her a big hug, causing another round of sobs to rock El's body.

"I d-don't know w-why I'm so u-upset, M-Max. I've w-wanted to b-b-break things off f-for a while, b-but now that's i-it's actually r-real..."

Her friend nodded along, rubbing her back soothingly. "I know...it's okay..."

El pulled away after a few minutes, sniffing and wiping the tears from her cheeks.

"T-Thank you for coming over, M-Max."

She smiled. "It's no problem. You've been there for me whenever Lucas and I broke up, it's finally my turn to return the favor."

Both girls chuckled in unison before a peaceful silence fell over them.

Max soon spoke up.

"So...there's a party at the Harrington's place tonight..."

El looked up at Max and groaned. "I'm so not in the mood for a party tonight, Max."

"C'mon! You can dress up and show yourself off a little bit, maybe even get a rebound guy..."

She rolled her eyes. "I'm not in the market for a rebound guy, you know I don't do that kind of thing. Plus, I don't want to run into Mike, things are still kind of...tense."

"Ellie! It's been two months, you guys need to get over yourselves. Just come with me, please?"

She thought about it for a moment, soon relenting with a nod.

"Fine, but you owe me."

"Yes!"

Max exclaimed.

"I'll be back at eight to pick you up."

El nodded and helped Max back out the window, sighing as she watched her redheaded friend jog back over to her car.

What have I just agreed to?

--

The girls felt the bass vibrating the sidewalk as they parked and approached the Harrington's house, letting themselves in through the front door. There were bodies everywhere and the music was at a deafening volume when they walked in.

El covered her ears as she walked by the speakers, immediately regretting coming tonight as she makes a beeline for the bar.

Ah, yes, this is why she came tonight.

She poured herself a generous serving of the mystery substance

sitting in the punch bowl before taking a long swig, coughing as the mixture of alcohol crawled down her throat. But, the burning in her throat didn't deter her from continuing to drink until there was no more left in her red plastic cup.

A buzz washed over her and she soon made her way onto the dance floor with another full cup of punch, taking swigs here and there as she moved her body along with the rhythm of the music.

As she continued drinking, she felt herself start to slip away, her alcohol-induced state taking over. She didn't care, she needed a break from being herself, anyways. Max came over and danced alongside her, and soon the party joined them.

Just as she started to forget everything with Mike and Mason, she turned around and ran right into the one person she didn't want to see:

Mike.

He looked just as surprised to see her as he processed the sight in front of him, taking notice of her drunken swaying and extremely dilated pupils.

"El?"

She frowned. "Mike."

"Are you drunk?"

Giggling, she took another sip of her punch. "Maaaaaybe."

Mike gagged at the smell of her breath.

"Jesus, El, how much have you had?"

She huffs. "None of your business, Wheeler. We're not together anymore, remember?"

"That doesn't mean that I don't care about you. Where's Mason? He should take you home..."

Suddenly, a relatively sobering wave of emotions crashed over her, and she started choking up.

"We, uhh...we b-broke up."

His eyes went wide for a moment. "Oh."

"I need another drink, don't wanna remember..."

He stopped her with a hand around her wrist, reminiscent of that day two months ago.

She yanked herself away immediately and Mike kept his hands at his sides as he spoke.

"Hey, I don't think that's such a good idea."

Eleven stuck her tongue out at him. "I don't care what you think, just leave me alone."

Her words stung a little bit and Mike watched as she made her way over to the punch bowl, fully refilling her cup. He still felt bad about what had happened at homecoming, but he was much too proud to admit it out loud, so he kept that to himself.

He decided to keep an eye on her for the night, just to make sure she didn't do anything that she would regret or get herself into a bad situation. Mike placed himself against the wall and lit up a cigarette, taking a long drag as his eyes scanned the dance floor.

His stomach drops when he sees the party, his old friends, all dancing together with big smiles on their faces. He regretted leaving them every day since he decided to do it, but he didn't really know how to apologize or how to tell them that he wants to be friends again. They probably wouldn't even let him back in anyways, especially not since he "cheated" on El.

Suddenly, he was snapped out of his thoughts when El re-appeared on the floor, drunker than he's ever seen her. She was bouncing around, bumping into people without regret or apology.

Mike only lost sight of her for one minute and she emerged with a cigarette between her fingers, coughing violently. He immediately jumped into action, knowing how hard it was to quit smoking once you started, and grabbed it from her.

She jumped on his back, trying to get it back from him, but he

crushed it in an ashtray before she could get her hands on it.

"Noooooooo, I only got one puff! Give it back, Mike!!"

He looked down at her, a serious expression on his face.

"Don't do that to yourself, El. You won't be able to stop, trust me."

El seemed to sober up a little bit with his words and stern glare, eyes darting down to the floor. She knew that he was right, she would regret it when she woke up the next morning, addicted.

"T-Thank you."

Her voice was barely above a whisper, but he still heard it, nodding.

"I don't want you ending up like me, El. I'll still intervene if I see you doing something you'll regret, no matter if we're together or not because..."

I still care about you.

It went unspoken, but both of them could feel its weight in the space between them.

She cut him off by quickly walking back onto the dance floor, finishing her third cup of the night, now completely intoxicated. Meanwhile, Mike had to excuse himself from the house, heading out to the backyard.

Just like he had a few months earlier, he lounged on one of the plastic pool chairs, letting the cool December air tickle his freckled cheeks. He hadn't had anything to drink for a few hours, not really feeling like drinking tonight, which was a rarity for him. It was nothing in particular, at least not at first.

But now that he knew of El's intoxicated state of mind, he had a reason.

He lit another cigarette and not even a minute later, someone swung the back door open.

"Mike!"

It was a voice that he hadn't heard say his name in years. He turned around and looked up at his former friend, Dustin Henderson.

"D-Dustin?"

He looked panicked. "It's El."

"What happened?"

Mike sat up immediately.

"She, umm, she just threw up all over the dance floor."

He sighed, pinching the bridge of his nose. "And that concerns me...how?"

Dustin's voice suddenly turned cold.

"She needs someone to take her home and Max is too drunk."

He pauses for a moment, taking a deep breath.

"Look...we may not be friends anymore, but I know you still care about her, and she needs your help right now."

His bad boy facade melted away in that moment and Mike looked up at Dustin with the most genuine expression he'd worn in years.

"Where is she?"

--

The ride home was slow and full of quick vomit stops, but Mike finally pulled up to the Hopper-Byers residence. He had heard her soft snores for the last few minutes of the ride, so he knew she was asleep, taking great caution as he got off the bike and picked her up.

He walked her inside, greatly relieved that no one was around, and made his way to her room in the back of the house. She squirmed in his arms a little bit, but quickly settled back down as he lay her down gently onto the bed.

Mike made sure to take her shoes and socks off, wanting to change her into her pajamas, but deciding against it since that would involve removing her clothes and he didn't want her to be upset with him.

Her eyes slowly blinked open and she sat up a little bit, seeing Mike putting her shoes back in their proper place on the shoe rack at the bottom of her closet. She smiled briefly, surprised that he still



remembered how particular she was about where her shoes went, and even more surprised that he remembered where they went.

"M-Mike...?"

He turned around quickly, startled by the sound of her meek voice.

"Hey there, party monster."

El's relaxed expression quickly twisted into one of anger and confusion when everything came back to her.

"Why are you here?"

Mike was shocked at the bitterness of her words.

"Relax, Dustin asked me to bring you back here since Max was too drunk. I just wanted to help, that's all, I promise."

She believed him, of course, even if she was still extremely upset with him about homecoming. He wasn't the kind to take advantage of her drunken state, El knew that, and she was secretly glad that Dustin got him to bring her back.

But she wasn't about to tell him any of that. So, she remained neutral, laying back down on her bed.

"Well, I'm okay now, so you can leave."

Even she couldn't believe the harshness of her tone.

Mike simply nodded, not really expecting any other reaction from her, and walked out the door without another word.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

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## 11. Phone Calls

### Summary for the Chapter:

El wakes up the next morning, safe in bed. But, who brought her home last night?

### Notes for the Chapter:

hi!

i've decided that i want to end this story at 15 chapters. i think if it was more, it would just drag everything along and it would get boring. plus, i've got some other multi-chap ideas in the works that i'm super excited to write!

so, this story will end at 15 chapters :)

-

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El woke up the next morning and immediately rushed into the bathroom, bent over the toilet for the next twenty minutes releasing what remained of last night's bad decisions.

Once she was finished, she slowly stood back up and made her way back to her bedroom, flopping down onto the mattress with a groan. Now she remembered why she doesn't drink.

Joyce came in with some Advil and a glass of cold water, which El was extremely grateful for.

"Take two of those and I'll bring up some saltine crackers for you to munch on. I don't think it's a good idea for you to eat anything heavier right now."

She agreed and swallowed the bitter pills, cringing slightly at the taste. Joyce soon came back with the crackers, sitting next to El while

she took small bites.

"Am I allowed to know what exactly you did last night to put you in this condition?"

El chuckled. "I went to a party and tried to drink my sorrows away."

Joyce nodded along. "I see. Was it the Mike thing again? Or did something happen with...oh god, what's his name? I always forget."

"Mason."

"Yes, Mason."

Her entire body slumped at the mention of his name. "I broke up with Mason yesterday."

"Oh, honey..."

She pulled El closer to her side as she shed a tear, sniffing a little.

"Y-Yeah, I'm alright. We were starting to drift apart anyways, but it was still hard."

Joyce rubbed her arm, sighing. "I understand."

The two just sat there in peaceful silence before a question popped into El's head.

"Joyce, who brought me back last night? I don't remember."

"Your father and I were out late last night. You were already in bed when we got back. Sorry I couldn't be of any more help."

She sighed. "Okay, thanks Joyce."

After Joyce left, El rolled over to her nightstand and grabbed her phone, calling Max first. She almost laughed when she answered the phone, obvious that her friend was in a similar state as her.

"Hello?"

"Max, it's El. I have a question."

Max groaned. "But it's so early."

"It's 12:30 in the afternoon, Max."

Another groan came through the speaker. "What's the question?"

"Who brought me home last night, do you know?"

Max shook her head. "No idea. Hang on..."

There was a muffled conversation between Max and Lucas on the other end before Max's sleepy voice spoke again.

"Lucas said to call Dustin and ask."

El sighed, thanking her friend before hanging up and dialing Dustin's number.

"This is the Henderson's."

"M-Ms. Henderson? It's El Hopper."

The older woman's voice perked up immediately. "Oh, El, hello! Are you calling for Dustin?"

"I just have to ask him a quick question. Is he around?"

"Dusty Bun! El's on the phone for you!"

El chuckled to herself at his mother's nickname for him.

"Here he is."

"Hey El, how are you doing?"

He asked, already knowing the answer.

She sighed. "I think you already know my answer."

Dustin chuckled. "Yeah, I figured as much. So, what do you need?"

"Do you know who brought me home last night? I don't remember."

He sucked in a sharp breath. "I--uhh--I got Mike to do it. H-He was the only one who wasn't totally trashed and had access to a vehicle."

Somehow, El wasn't mad. Part of her knew it was Mike, even though she had no memory of it.

"I'm sorry, El."

She shook her head. "It's alright, Dustin, I understand. Thank you for making sure I got back safe."

"I'll always have your back, El. See ya."

They hung up and El didn't know how to feel anymore. She still hated Mike for what he did, but at the same time, she really didn't hate him anymore. It's been two months and the more she thought about it, the more she stopped hating him so much.

Should she call him?

Before she even knew what she was doing, her fingers dialed Mike's number and the line began ringing.

"You've reached the Wheelers."

She smiled to herself at the gentle sound of Karen Wheeler's voice. "Hi Karen, it's El."

"Oh, El! How are you?"

Karen was always so nice to her, even though she'd only really known El for a short time. "I'm good. Is, um, i-is Mike home?"

"I think so..."

El could hear her yelling his name.

"Yes, he is. Do you want me to put him on?"

"Yes, please."

Soon, Mike's voice came through the speakers. "El?"

She took a deep breath. "Mike, hi. I-I wanted to ask you something."

"Okay..."

He sounded unsure.

"Did you bring me home last night?"

Silence.

"Y-Yeah, I did. Dustin...he asked me to."

"I know."

He was slightly taken aback. "Do you not remember?"

Her eyebrows furrowed.

"Remember what? D-Did something happen?"

"N-No, but you did wake up and see me. I was trying to do it quickly so that you wouldn't know...but look how well that turned out..."

She took a sigh of relief. Thank goodness she didn't say anything.

"Well, I...t-thank you, f-for bringing me back."

Mike was surprised. "Oh, um, y-you're welcome. It was no problem."

There was a few moments of tense silence before he spoke again.

"El?"

"Yeah?"

He inhaled deeply.

"I know I've said this about a thousand times already, but I'm really sorry...a-about everything that happened."

She nodded. "I'm, I-I'm sorry t-too, Mike. I didn't want things to end like that...I said some really nasty things about you."

"Nothing that I didn't deserve. And I said some awful things too, and I regret them more and more each time I think about it. D-Do you replay it in your head sometimes, like me?"

El sighed. "Yeah, I do. A-And, I...umm...I don't hate you anymore, j-just so that you know."

Mike's voice was hopeful.

"Y-You don't?"

"Not really, no. I guess we really weren't technically dating, we never talked about what it was, a-and I was still with Mason."

A weight seemed to lift off both of their shoulders as El spoke.

"It was still wrong, but I'm glad that you don't hate me anymore. These past two months...knowing you were out there hating me...i-it hurt. I sorta stopped taking care of myself for a little while..."

His eyes went wide.

"Not that I blame you for that! M-My point is...I miss you, and I'd really like to try and be friends, i-if you're up for it."

El thought about it for a moment before responding. "Sure, w-we can try it."

"Awesome."

He smiled genuinely for the first time in a long time.

"So, I'll see you at school?"

She nodded, smiling to herself.

"Yeah, I'll--uhh--see you around."

They hung up and for the first time in a short while, things seemed to be looking up for both of them.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work and want to see more, please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps motivate me and i like hearing from y'all!

## 12. Friends on the Mend

### Summary for the Chapter:

It's been two weeks since Mike and El decided to try and be friends. After a trip to the diner with the party, it seems like things may be getting back on track for Mike, El, and the whole party...

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey!  
sorry for another delay on my chapter updates, school has been kicking my ass this week and i've been so worn out that i haven't been wanting to write. but, most of my major assignments have been turned in, and i'm back to writing for fun!  
enjoy this chapter

Two weeks ago, Mike and El decided to try and be friends.

And now, two weeks into it, every day was still just as hard as the first.

It was more than obvious that their feelings for one another hadn't simply just vanished when they agreed to try to be friends, and they were trying to pretend like they had.

Her friends had taken notice and relentlessly bugged El about it.

"Just tell him that you want to be more than friends! It's obvious that he likes you, too."

Eleven sighed.

"I don't think we're ready, Max. There's still a lot there in terms of negative feelings, a-and I wouldn't want to rush anything. Plus, I'm pretty sure that me calling him a 'lying, manipulative dick' was heavily implying that I'd never want to be with him again."

Max rolled her eyes. "You guys seriously need to sit down and talk through all of this."



"We already talked...sort of."

Her redheaded friend threw her head back and laughed. "You talked to him for like five minutes on the phone! That doesn't count, you need to talk to him face-to-face."

El knew that Max was right, she and Mike did need to have a face-to-face, but that was easier said than done. Despite the fact that they agreed to try and be friends, Mike and El hadn't actually really talked nor spent a ton of face-to-face time together since their phone call.

"You should invite him to the party dinner tonight at Benny's." Max said, suddenly.

She looked over at Max with wide eyes. "Absolutely not. Everyone would hate me for bringing him, that is if he even agrees to come."

"He's talked about making amends with the party before, right? This is the perfect first step, and I know he'll come if you ask him."

Mike has wanted to talk with the party...

"Fine, I'll ask him."

Max smiled, patting her on the back. "Great! I'll see you tonight, then?"

She nodded. "See you."

Once Max left, El picked up the phone and dialed Mike's number. He picked up after a few rings.

"Hello?"

"Hey Mike, it's El."

His voice perked up ever so slightly. "El, hey. What's up?"

"Well..."

She was suddenly regretting her decision.

"I, uh, w-wanted to invite you to this thing that the party's doing tonight..."

He tensed. "The party? The whole party?"

Uh oh.

"Y-Yeah. We're all going out to Benny's, a-and I figured that you and I haven't really gotten together as friends since this started...and you've mentioned before t-that you wanted to make amends with the party..."

A very lengthy pause hung between them.  
She knew this would happen.

"M-Mike? Are you still there?"

He sighed. "Yup, still here."

"So, are you in?"

Another pause, this one relatively shorter than the last, although that wasn't really saying much.

"Do they know you're asking?"

She sucked in a quick breath. "Max knows I'm asking, but other than that, no."

"I'm not coming unless you tell them. I don't want to just show up out of the blue."

El nodded. "Fine. Get on frequency 106.5 and you can hear their reactions for yourself."

She hung up immediately and tuned her walkie to 106.5.

"Party members? Come in. Do you copy?"

Dustin answers first, as always. "This is Dustin, I copy, over."

Then Will. "It's Will, I copy."

Max is next. "Madmax here."

"I copy, too. Oh! This is Lucas, by the way."

They all chuckle before El speaks.

"I've got a question for everyone, a-about tonight, over."

Mike holds his breath as her voice comes through the speaker again.

"Would you guys mind if I invited Mike to join us? You know we're trying to be friends again and I know that he wants to apologize, over."

Radio silence.

Will spoke up first, voice meek. "I...I wouldn't mind, but it's up to everyone else. Over."

Mike lets out a huge sigh of relief. He's got one 'yes' already.

Max is next. "I'm fine with it. Lucas? Dustin? You guys still copy? Over."

That's two.

Surprisingly, Lucas's voice comes through. "I'm not gonna pretend like it isn't gonna be awkward as hell, but yeah, bring him if he wants to come. Over."

Mike couldn't argue with that fact, but that's three approvals.

"Well, that's majority."

Dustin says, sounding a bit bitter.

"I'll behave myself, over."

Dustin was the one that took Mike's decision the hardest, so he wasn't that surprised at his answer. He was pretty happy that he was going to get his chance to (hopefully) mend things with the party tonight, even though it was going to be really awkward.

Plus, he'll be able to see and talk with El, which was never a bad thing.

"Great, I'll call him. See everyone tonight at 8. Over and out."

Mike turned off his walkie and pushed the antenna back down,

walking over to his phone just as El called back.

"Are you in now?"

He chuckled briefly. "I guess so."

"Great. Benny's at 8...and, Mike?"

His ears perk up. "Y-Yeah?"

"Lose the leather jacket for once, will you?"

He genuinely laughed, throwing his head back.

"You drive a hard bargain, Miss Hopper, but I won't wear it...in the restaurant."

She rolled her eyes.

"It's a start, I guess. See you there."

--

Mike has never been in a situation quite like the one he found himself in at Benny's Diner.

Not only were things awkward between him and the party, but things were even more awkward between him and El.

These were some of his best friends, well, at least they used to be. They'd been through so much together, and now they couldn't even find something to talk about.

He didn't know why he'd expected things to be different, but somehow he did, and it was certainly not meeting those expectations.

The table was pretty much silent, besides the occasional sip of a drink or clink of a fork against the plate. Mike forgot how non-confrontational his former friends were, for the most part, and finally he'd had enough.

"So, uh, what classes are you guys taking this year? B-Besides the required stuff, of course."

All of them looked genuinely surprised to hear his voice.

Max took the lead, speaking first.

"I'm taking Rothchild's intro to philosophy and ethics class."

Mike nodded. "That sounds cool. Are you liking it?"

"Yeah, it's actually pretty interesting."

Lucas spoke next, naturally. "I'm in that class too, but I think it's boring as hell."

Everyone chuckled at his comment and Max jabbed him with her elbow.

"Maybe if you actually paid attention every once and a while, stalker, you'd like it."

He huffed, shaking his head.

"Oh no, it's totally lame, but I do get to help the middle school gym teacher out with classes during my free periods this semester, which has been a blast."

El chimed in.

"Lucas has become such a fitness nerd lately, it's like all we hear about are the best protein powders and the best workouts for your arms or abs or some other body part."

The entire table erupted in laughter, Mike included, while Lucas crossed his arms and slumped in his chair. A lot of the tension had been lifted and everyone took a deep sigh of relief.

Will chimed in after the laughter died down.

"I'm taking an art theory class that I'm really liking."

Mike was happy to hear that. "That's awesome, Will. You still want to be an artist?"

He nodded. "Yes, absolutely. I actually just found out that I got into Pratt."

Excitement made its way around the table, everyone congratulating

Will on his acceptance.

After Will shared his college acceptance, everyone began talking about college and what schools they applied to and where they wanted to end up next fall.

Dustin was still very quiet, only giving very brief answers whenever someone asked him a question.

The night wore on and more conversation flowed between the old friends, Mike began feeling more and more like his old self. El noticed it too, nudging him softly.

She looked up at him with a smile and he returned it, neither of them needing to say anything.

Before anyone knew it, it was going on eleven o'clock and everyone began saying their farewells. They left one by one, and soon it was just Mike and El sitting at the table.

He looked down at her with the same smile he wore throughout the entire night.

"This was really great, El. I'm happy you invited me tonight, thank you."

She nodded. "I could tell that the party, minus Dustin, enjoyed themselves too. And it's nice to see you becoming more and more of your old self again."

"I definitely felt happier then I have in a long time, thats for sure."

They each left their portion of the bill at the table before heading out into the chilly winter night. El spotted the leather jacket laying on his bike and laughed.

"Now I know what you meant by 'not wearing it in the restaurant.'"

He chuckled. "No matter how much of my old self has resurfaced, I still refuse to leave home without it."

"And the cigarettes?"

His face visibly sunk, but he still wore a small smile. "In the pocket, but I'm working on it."

She sighed. "Can I admit something?"

"Sure."

El bit her lip. "I think it's kinda sexy, the whole 'biker' thing."

"Oh, really?"

He smirked, taking a step forward.

"You certainly had me fooled."

Her hands came to rest on his chest, the sexual energy growing with each movement.

"Mike..."

His lips were only a few inches from her. "El..."

Suddenly, she lifted up and crashed their lips together.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work and would like to see more,  
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps  
motivate me and i like hearing from y'all!

### 13. Max! {MILEVEN SMUT}

#### Summary for the Chapter:

oops! max walks in on mike and el in a compromising position...

#### Notes for the Chapter:

hey!  
so i know i said that this chapter would pick up right after the last one...but i lied hehe  
it takes place a few days after their kiss.

i can't believe we're almost done with this story!! i'm hoping that the ending i have planned is satisfying and that y'all like it (i think you will).  
stay tuned for a teaser of my next two multi-chap stories, coming in the authors notes for the next chapter! get excited!! :)

"Oh, fuck!"

El's eyebrows were knitted together and her jaw was slack as Mike's talented tongue swiped across her folds. Her body jolted and jumped each time he touched her sensitive clit.

It had only been a few days since their kiss outside of the diner, and they barely made it that long before hooking up.

He grinned against her, fingers sinking further into her hips in an attempt to hold her steady.

"Mmmmmm....so good, El."

She chewed on her pillowy lower lip as his motions intensified, trying to keep herself quiet.

Mike continued for a few more minutes, bringing her right up to the edge several times before pulling away, watching her pussy clench in agony over the ruined orgasm. He stood back up and ran his hands



over her plump ass, squeezing and spanking sporadically, enjoying each of her the little noises she made whenever he did it.

"Get on your knees, Eleven."

Something about him using her full name in sexual situations really got her worked up, and he took full advantage of that fact. She all but fell to her knees in front of him, looking up with sinful eyes, ready to do whatever he wanted.

His lips curled up into a devious smirk, remembering what she'd said about his biker persona. He walked over to the sofa, picking up his leather jacket before walking back over, handing it to her.

"Take your top and pants off, put this on."

Her facial expression was priceless, somewhere between surprise and arousal, as she stripped out of her clothes and slung the heavy leather over her shoulders. Mike watched intently and once she had it on, he groaned lowly, not realizing how sexy she'd look wearing his beloved jacket.

It was her turn to smirk up at him, giggling softly at his gaze.

"Take a picture, it'll last longer."

Mike's darkened eyes met hers. "Careful what you wish for, El."

She bit her lip.

"Do you actually want to take a picture of me?"

He nodded eagerly, but then he stopped. "I'll take one...once I've covered your face in my cum."

Her cheeks turned bright pink and Mike chuckled at her sudden embarrassment (or was it arousal?)

"I told you, be careful what you wish for."

El licked her lips. "Oh, I'm definitely not opposed to it."

His eyes went wide for a moment before he flashed her a wicked grin.

"I knew you'd like it. Now,"

He pushed his hips forward, bringing the evident bulge closer to her lips.

"Take it out."

She made quick work of his pants, letting them pool around his ankles as her hand wrapped around his hardened shaft, smiling to herself when his breath hitched. Her hand stroked him firmly, earning a few groans and grunts from between his lips before she wrapped her lips around his spongy head.

He exhaled shakily as she started sucking teasingly on the sensitive skin, hand coming down to tangle in her hair, trying to gently encourage her head further down his shaft. But, she simply continued her assault on his head, quickly driving him crazy.

"J-Jesus, El..."

After a few minutes, El finally relented, allowing her mouth to sink down onto his shaft until the tip tickled the back of her throat, causing her to gag slightly. He tried to pull her off, worried that he'd hurt her, but she grabbed his wrist and looked up at him, shaking her head. She stayed there for a little bit, until the gagging subsided, before starting to move up and down.

Mike's head fell back and his eyes fluttered shut at the feeling of her hot little mouth around him. Soon, his hips began bucking forward instinctively, seeking out more of her wet heat.

"Fuck, oh fuck!"

He pulled her off abruptly.

"I'm already c-close, shit, you're way too good at that. C-Can I, umm, can I f-fuck your face?"

She nodded, opening her mouth for him. He teasingly slaps the head against her cheeks and flattened tongue before suddenly pushing forward, holding the sides of her head as his cock is almost completely enveloped by her mouth.

His legs were trembling as he pulled back, pushing in promptly after, growling lowly. El gagged at first, but with each of his slow thrusts,

she adjusted more and more until the gagging ceased. As soon as it stopped, Mike picked up his pace, creating a steady in-and-out rhythm.

"Oh god, so f-fucking good."

Mike whispered, looking down at the beautiful girl on her knees before him.

"Y-You...you're so b-beautiful, E-Eleven."

The corners of her lips curled up in a smile and she moaned, vibrations tickling his hardened length. It wasn't long before Mike found himself teetering at the edge of orgasm.

Against his every primal instinct, Mike pulled El off of him just before he came, groaning in agony at his fading climax.

El stood up and before she could do anything, he quickly came up behind her and pushed her front down onto the D&D table. She gasped as he lined himself up with her glistening entrance and pushed into her heat for the first time since their reunion earlier this school year, causing both of them to moan out loud.

"Mike, o-oh!"

He smirked, bending down to kiss her shoulder softly. "Amazing, you're amazing, El."

After a few seconds of adjustment, Mike pulled out before pushing back in, growling when El clenched around him. His hips began moving, picking up a steady in-and-out rhythm, each stroke maximizing both of their pleasures.

Her mouth hangs open, gasps and whimpers escaping with each of his forward motions.

"M...Muh...M-M-Mike!"

Mike's hands held onto her shoulders as his hips picked up speed, slapping sounds getting louder. With each passing second, both felt their respective orgasms growing closer to climax.

Just as El opened her mouth to say something, the basement door was pushed open.

"Mike, I need-OH GOD, WHAT THE FU-"

"JESUS CHRIST, MAX!"

He yelled, startled.

El's eyes went wide as she made brief eye contact with her best friend, who looked absolutely mortified.

The redhead quickly shut the door, leaving the two teens slightly annoyed and very sexually frustrated.

Mike pulled out and tucked his still-hard cock back into his pants, trying his best to hide it, while El got redressed. Once they were both decent, he walked over and opened the door, meeting the stern gaze of Max Mayfield.

She pushed past him and walked into the basement, giving El a similar deadly glare before looking between the two of them.

"Alright, what is going on with you two?"

The lovers looked at each other, cheeks turning pink.

"Well..."

Mike began, but Max immediately held her hand up, stopping him. "You know what? I don't even want to know because I think I already do. Let me guess...there hasn't been any kind of date or asking out?"

They looked to the floor, clearly avoiding the question.

She sighed, shaking her head.

"You guys have been on-and-off for months now and I'm done just going along with it like everyone else. I can't stand watching you hurt each other over and over and over again, it's destroying both of you! So, for my sake, please stop playing this stupid game with each other and GO OUT ON A FUCKING DATE ALREADY!"

Both teens were red-faced and bashful, unable to meet each other's eyes.

Max took a deep breath.

"Now..."

She looked at Mike first.

"You go to the bathroom and take care of the issue in your pants before you get all cranky about it."

Then, she looked over at El.

"And you, I'm driving you back to your house. Come on, let's go."

El looked back with wide eyes, giving Mike a sheepish wave goodbye before leaving with Max.

The girls made their way up the small hill to Max's car, tense silence stretching between them as El hopped in the passenger seat while Max started the engine, pulling away from the curb in front of Mike's house.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work and would like to see more,  
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps  
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

## 14. El, Do You Copy? {MILEVEN SMUT}

### Summary for the Chapter:

el and mike finally talk...among other things ;)

### Notes for the Chapter:

hey!

writers block hit hard this chapter, but it's finally here! only one more chapter after this and then we're finished! i'm happy to say that this will be the first multi-chap that i've actually completed :)

it's not my absolute favorite thing i've ever written, but i learned a lot throughout writing this story and i know it will make me a better multi-chap author in the future.

and, most importantly...here are the teasers for the next two multi-chaps that you've been waiting for!!

"dragons & dungeons" [a mob boss au]

--19 chapters + a prologue (definite number)--

After her dad, Hawkins PD Chief Jim Hopper, suddenly disappears without notice, Elle is left confused and hurt. That night when she gets kidnapped by The Dragons, a dangerous top-tier mob group led by Mike Wheeler, she's even more confused. She quickly learns that these mobsters are the only link to her dad, and they find out in-turn that she may hold useful information about him.

These mobsters and their leader claim that they only want her for information...but is that really the reason Mike Wheeler keeps her around?

"call me el" [a modern au]

--10 chapters (subject to change)--

New college grad Mike Wheeler is an avid fan of a certain Onlyfans page, a girl with the screen name Eleven. Jane seems like your average small-town girl,

but she's got a secret...and her name is Eleven.  
when he stops in the town of Hawkins, IN, for a quick bite to eat, the stars collide for this unlikely pair. is this destiny at work, or is it just coincidence?

i'm super excited about this next round of multi-chaps and i hope y'all are too!!

The silence of the car ride was soon broken by Max.

"What the hell was that?"

El's eyes went wide as she looked over at Max. "What do you mean?"

The redhead chuckled.

"Uh...do I have to remind you of what just happened between you and Wheeler?"

She cringed. "No, no you don't."

"So...what's up with you guys? You said that you would never get with him again after what happened at Homecoming."

Her shoulders slouched. "Well...I've been thinking about it a lot recently and while cheating is never okay, we weren't technically ever together, so it wasn't exactly cheating per se..."

Max smiled to herself.

"You love him, El."

El looked surprised at her friends words. "What? I-I'm not in love with Mike, I just like him."

"Uh huh, sure...he's in love with you, too, you know. I wasn't really sure until he came to Benny's the other night."

Her breath caught in her throat.

"El, he's been in love with you since the second you came back into his life, probably even when you were gone he was still in love with you. Yeah, you guys have fought a lot and you claimed that you hated him, but it was all because you were afraid of your feelings for each other. How do you not see it?"

She thought back for a moment, remembering all the times they'd fought over the past few months. Each fight, the major ones at least, could all be traced back to their feelings for one another.

In Mike's backyard? His feelings for her had resurfaced and he was scared.

After Homecoming? El was afraid of liking him even after his rendezvous with Jennifer Hayes.

Then she remembered the night that he took her home after the Harrington's. He didn't hesitate to step in, even after their explosive fight.

It all suddenly hit her like a truck.

Her face broke out in a large, face-splitting grin. She squealed softly, grabbing Max's arm, shaking it.

"He loves me!"

--

"Mom!"

Mike yelled down to Karen.

"Michael! I'm on the phone!"

He rolled his eyes.

"I know you're on the phone, you've been on for the last two hours! When will you be done?"

Her tone was clearly annoyed.

"Just give me a few minutes!"

Mike waited for ten minutes before giving up, knowing that Karen wouldn't be getting off the phone anytime soon.

He happened to look over to his bed, and suddenly the sight made him remember the walkie that had been discarded and forgotten over the years. He walked over and dug around beneath his bed, finally finding and pulling out the old Realistic radio.

It was highly unlikely that El would have hers on, much less be listening, but he figured it was at least worth a try.



"El, do you copy? It's Mike, over."

Silence.

Just as he was about to push the antenna down, a crackle came through the speaker. A familiar feminine voice followed shortly after.

"This is El, I copy. Over."

He smiled at the sound of her voice. "Hey. H-How are you?"

'How are you?' Really, Mike? That's the best you can come up with?  
He mentally face-palmed himself.

She sounded a bit perplexed. "Uh, I'm alright. I was actually kinda hoping you'd call."

"I figured, a-after what happened with Max, we should...talk."

El agreed. "Yeah."

He took a deep, readying breath. "So...I guess I should start by asking: what are we, exactly?"

A moment of silence stretched between them before she responded.  
"I'm not really sure what we are at this point."

"Me neither."

Mike sighed.

"Do you, uhh...want to be something?"

The only sound that could be heard between Mike and El was the faint crackle of the radio.

"I want to be with you, Mike."

His stomach dropped. "W-Wha--you do?"

"Y-Yeah, I do, I want to be with you. I know that I've said some...things in the past, but after talking it over with Max on the ride home, she helped me realize that I was just scared of how strongly I felt for you."

He smiled to himself. "I want to be with you, too, so badly. I know that I messed up and I don't know what I did to deserve a second chance with you, but I promise that I'll never, ever do anything like that again."

El was beaming with excitement at this point, so happy to hear Mike's words.

"I know you will, Mike."

"Are you at home?"

She paused. "Uh, yeah. Why?"

"Because I need to see you. I'm coming over, open your bedroom window."

He turned the radio off before she could respond, leaping off of his bed and sprinting down the stairs without a second thought.

All he knew is that he needed to see El, and nothing was gonna get in his way.

--

Mike pulled in front of the Byers's house less than ten minutes later, resting his helmet on the seat of the bike before sneaking around to the back of the house, pleased to see that El's bedroom window was open.

"El, it's me."

She poked her head out a few seconds later, looking at him with a wide smile.

"Hi."

He grinned. "Hi."

El leaned out and pulled him in for a kiss, which Mike eagerly returned, holding her face in his hands. The innocent smooch quickly turned hot, lips attacking each another's, fighting for dominance.

She pulled away, slightly out of breath.

"My parents..."

Both of their faces fell at the reality of the situation, not wanting to get in trouble, especially not by Hopper. Then, Mike had an idea.

"Come down here."

Her eyebrows furrowed. "What?"

"Just trust me."

He held his hand out to her and she took it, allowing herself to be pulled down to the soft grass below.

Once her feet hit the ground, Mike pushed her back against the wall, reconnecting their lips without hesitation. She pulled his hair, tugging it and earning a low growl from Mike.

His hands grabbed her ass and picked her up, allowing her to wrap her legs around his waist, effectively pressing their bodies closer together. El could feel the large bulge growing in the front of his pants, smirking as she rubs her crotch against it. His hips buck forward instinctively and a low growl escaped into her mouth.

Her grinding prompted his mouth to move down to her neck, where he began biting and sucking marks onto her skin. She whimpered, biting down hard on her lip while he marks her.

"M-Mike!"

He pulled away for a second.

"I-"

She began.

"Just f-fuck me, please. I need it s-so badly."

"Fuck, you're so sexy."

He grinned.

"Take your shit off."

El quickly got to work shedding her shorts and panties while Mike pulled down his pants and boxers, wrapping his hand around his hardened length. He stroked it fast and hard, grunting and groaning

under his breath.

The sight prompted El to reach down and rub the tender spot between her legs, breath hitching at the contact. Mike throbbed when he saw her face scrunch up in pleasure, unable to hold back any longer.

Burying his head in her neck, he wrapped an arm around her torso, holding her up against him while lining himself up with her entrance. He pushed in and gasped at the feeling of being enveloped within her walls once more.

Her back arched and her grip on his hair tightened.

"Oh!"

Mike stayed still for a few seconds, allowing her some time to adjust before he began moving. He immediately set a brutal pace, hips roughly pounding into her.

Both of them knew that they didn't have much time, not wanting to risk getting caught, even out here.

He groaned into her skin with each thrust. "E-El..."

"Faster, Mike, p-please."

His hips sped up at her request, feeling her clench around him.

She reached down and began rubbing quick circles around her swollen clit while her other hand tangled in his hair, sending small shocks down his spine.

"Urghhhh, El, are you c-close?"

He felt her nod. "So...so close...Mike!"

"Oh god, El..."

His jaw clenched and his teeth ground together, trying to hold back long enough for El to cum.

"Please, baby, please."

El rubbed herself faster, knowing that Mike was so close. Soon she found herself teetering at the edge and with just a few more strokes,

she was finished.

"Mike, I-I'm--ah, fuck!"

Her walls gripped him like a vice and that was all he needed before his hips halted and he painted her insides with his seed.

"Ohhhhhh fuuuuck, E-ElIIIIIIII."

They took a few moments to return to reality before untangling from each other's hold, sighing with sadness at the loss of touch. Both parties got redressed before Mike helped lift her back up into her room.

She leaned out of the window to bid her lover farewell, reaching out to kiss him one more time.

"I'm sorry you couldn't stay longer."

He smiled, shrugging. "Me too."

A brief moment of silence stretches between them before El speaks up, clearly nervous.

"So..."

Mike chuckles awkwardly. "Yeah, so..."

He takes a deep breath, eyes looking up to meet hers.

"I was thinking, y'know, now that I've seen you naked and everything...can I maybe like...t-take you out to dinner o-or something sometime?"

El's face lights up and she laughs. "I would like that very much, especially since you just fucked me against the side of the house."

Both of them laugh, Mike looking a little guilty.

"Hey, I offered to come in!"

She chuckled, shaking her head. "Yeah, yeah, whatever. Let's not play the blame game."

He rolls his eyes, but a smile still tugged at the corner of his lips.  
"Uh huh. Can I call you this week and we can plan something?"

A light pink dusts her pale cheeks. "Can't wait."

Mike smiles, genuinely.

"See you soon, El."

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

if you liked this work and would like to see more,  
please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps  
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

## 15. First Date

### Summary for the Chapter:

mike and el finally go on their first date!!

### Notes for the Chapter:

here it is, the final chapter of "the fallen"!! <3  
sorry for the wait, life's been kicking my ass and i haven't really been in the mood to write. i've also been experiencing some serious writers block and i wanted to make sure that this chapter was extra good and created a pleasing, strong ending to this book.

i hope y'all have enjoyed going on this journey with me, i certainly enjoyed exploring these characters! although i'm sad about the end of this story, i'm looking forward to starting 2 new multi-chaps (series summaries are at the beginning of last chapter, for anyone who missed it) and spending some more time with mike & el!

[i would consider doing a sort of epilogue, if enough people showed interest...]

A week later...

"Max!"

El groaned as her friend braided her hair, pulling it tightly to keep it in place.

"Don't worry, it'll be worth it."

Tonight was the night that El and Mike were set to go on their first date, and Max had graciously agreed to come over and help her get ready. With how much she was fussing over her hair and makeup, El was slightly regretting her decision, but she appreciated her friend's help nonetheless.

"Are we done yet? Please say yes because I think the nerves in my scalp have been permanently dulled by your braids."

Max laughed, shaking her head. "Almost. Do you have a hair clip?"

She nodded, pointing to the small top drawer of her vanity. Max told her to hold the end of the braid as she looked through, soon pulling out a pretty pearl clip that Joyce had given her for Christmas a few years ago.

"This one's perfect."

Max put the clip in and, after a bit of readjusting, told El to look in the mirror.

When she spun around on her stool, she was taken aback by the pretty young woman staring back at her. Max had perfectly applied the natural makeup look El wanted and despite her original complaints about the hair styling, it did look really good.

"Wow, Max, I..."

She stood up and hugged her friend.

"Thank you."

Her friend returned the hug, smiling against her shoulder. "You're welcome, El."

Suddenly, there was a knock on the door, and El pulled away from the hug with wide eyes.

"Shit! He's here!"

Max bid her farewell and wished her luck on her date before climbing out the back window, where her bike was waiting to take her back home.

El scrambled to put the finishing touches on her look, faintly hearing Joyce answer the door and start chatting with Mike.

"El! Mike's here!"

She threw open her closet door, rummaging to find the small heels



she wanted to wear.

"Be there in a second!"

Muffled conversation between Mike, Joyce, and eventually Hop, was heard through her bedroom door as she slid the shoes on and grabbed her purse. She took a deep breath before opening the door, walking out into the small living room, smiling to herself when she saw Mike's obvious reaction.

Hop frowned at the way the young man was eyeing his adoptive daughter, but kept his mouth shut, pulling Joyce closer into his side as El approached Mike with a blush on her cheeks.

"Hi, Mike."

His eyes were bugging out of his head.

"E-El, wow, you look..."

He looked over at Hopper, who was still staring daggers at him, and cleared his throat.

"pretty...good, p-pretty good."

She chuckled. "Thanks. So, should we get going?"

Mike nodded quickly, hand on the small of her back, guiding her out the door. El was surprised to see that he'd brought his mom's car instead of his bike.

"You didn't bring the bike?"

He shook his head. "Nope, not tonight."

They get into the woodgrain stationwagon and take off from the house, starting through the winding roads of Hawkins.

"You look so beautiful tonight, El. I would've said that before, but..."

She giggles.

"I understand. A-And thank you, you don't look too bad yourself."

Mike blushes slightly as a moment of silence passes. Then, El speaks up again.

"So, here are you taking me tonight for our first date?"

He shrugged casually. "No idea."

Her eyes went wide. "Really? You don't have a plan?"

"Kidding."

His lips curled up into a grin while El hit him on the bicep.

"Hey!"

"Ha ha, soooo funny. Seriously, where are we going?"

He shrugged again. "You'll have to wait and find out."

"Ugh."

El pouted.

Mike chuckled and they drove for a short while before El caught sight of their date destination: her favorite drive-in movie theater, The Jitterbug. She looked over at him with wide, excited eyes.

"Oh my god! How did you know that this is my favorite place?!"

He smirked. "I have my ways."

"You asked Max, didn't you?"

When he didn't answer, she chuckled, shaking her head.

"I think that answers my question...well, what movie are we seeing?"

Mike pulled into a spot towards the back under a tree before looking over at her, smiling.

"What movie have you been wanting to see for months now?"

Her entire face lit up. "Weekend at Bernies?!"

He nods, grunting when she suddenly pulls him in for a big hug.

"I'm so excited!! Thank you, Mike!"

After she pulled away, he gave her a quick kiss before popping the trunk.

"Now come on, we have to set up the blankets and pillows."

Her head tilted to the side in confusion.

"What blankets and pillows?"

--

Despite how excited she was to see Weekend at Bernies, El found herself practically unable to focus on anything but Mike.

He found himself in a similar dilemma, staring deep into her eyes as the crowd chuckled around them.

Their little makeshift couch was actually pretty comfortable, despite being in the trunk of Karen's stationwagon, the blankets and pillows providing a very home-y feel. Mike was lounged back against some pillows while El had swaddled herself in blankets, huddled into his side to keep warm.

"You're so beautiful."

She blushed, eyes darting down as she chuckled, hand taking his hand.

"I can't believe we're finally doing this, just us, no one else."

He nodded. "No boyfriends, no party, just you and me."

Her eyes darted all over his face, counting the freckles, making it to fifty before reaching up to capture his lips in a kiss. He eagerly returned, reaching up to hold her face gently as their lip lock intensified.

His hands roamed her figure while hers did the same to his, wanting to feel every inch of one another and explore each other in a way they haven't really had a chance to yet.

Mike's hands ran down from her cheeks, trailing her arms up and down for a short while before landing on her hips. He squeezed them playfully, smiling into their kiss when El jumped and squealed into his mouth.

Movie completely forgotten, El swung her leg over his lap, now seated on his lap as their kiss intensified. Her hips began gently rocking back and forth on his crotch, smirking when a low growl rumbled through his chest.

He pulled away for a moment, panting lightly as his eyes searched her face.

"Shit..."

El giggled, blushing as she grabbed the front of his shirt, pulling him into another kiss. His long arms wrapped around her fully, bringing their bodies flush together. The feeling of her breasts pressed against his chest was divine and, combined with the seductive movement of her hips, he was hard in an instant.

"Mmmmmmm...Mike..."

His lips soon moved down to her neck, leaving light kisses at first, but he quickly began sucking on her pale skin. Her hips bucked forward when his lips attached to her pulse point, and her hands gripped his shirt tighter.

The pair made out for a little while longer before Mike pulled away, cheeks reddening and eyes darting away from hers.

"I-If we keep going, I'm not gonna be able to s-stop myself."

She sighed, resting her forehead on his, playfully nuzzling her nose against his.

"Yeah, we probably shouldn't..."

El crawled off his lap and snuggled into his side, surprisingly content with the decision to stop their risqué activities. The two teens sat through the rest of the movie in a peaceful silence, minus a few spells of laughter at the film playing on-screen and a few series of kisses, quietly munching on snacks or taking sips from their soda's and not once letting the other out of their hold.

The movie ended and while everyone else started packing up, Mike and El remained in place, so consumed in each other's presence (and each other's lips) that they didn't even notice the dozens of cars that

passed them.

Soon, the field was completely vacant and the screen was turned off, but they didn't seem to care. That is, until a security guard approached their car with an annoyed shout.

"Hey! Theater's closed for the night, take your make-out session elsewhere!"

Their faces went beet red as they muttered apologies and scrambled around, Mike throwing away the trash while El tossed the blankets and pillows back into the car. They hopped into the car and drove away, under the security guard's judgemental watch.

As soon as they had turned onto the main road, El begins laughing fitfully, with Mike joining in shortly after with chuckles of his own.

"Oh my god Mike, that was so embarrassing!!"

He nodded, laughter dying down. "Yeah, wow, I can't believe we got booted like that."

"I'll never be able to show my face there again."

She said, head falling into her hands for a moment before she looked back over at him.

"But it was totally worth it."

His face lifted ever so slightly. "Yeah? You liked it?"

Her hand reached over and intertwined with his.

"I had a great time, Mike."

He smiled genuinely, cheeks turning pink as he pulled into the Byers-Hopper driveway and put the car in park just in front of the house. There was a certain air of sadness looming as they prepared to say goodbye to one another.

They turned towards each other, holding hands over the center console.

"I had an amazing time with you tonight, El."

"Me too."

She leaned forward, capturing his lips in one final kiss, gasping slightly when his hand wrapped around the back of her head, keeping her in place as his tongue teased her bottom lip. Her mouth opened and the kiss deepened, quickly turning into a passionate make-out session.

Suddenly, an aggressive knocking came on Mike's window, startling the couple apart from their embrace. A red-faced Hopper was seen through the glass, huffing in annoyance.

"Wrap it up, Wheeler!"

El smacked her palm on her forehead, incredibly embarrassed at her adoptive dad's intrusion.

Meanwhile, Mike was absolutely petrified, eyes wide as he nodded.  
"Y-Yes sir, of c-course."

He turned back to El and smiled, eyes softening at the sight of her.

"So, c-can I--uhh--call you tomorrow?"

She nodded, biting her lip. "I would like that very much."

"Great, I'll talk to you then."

Mike watched her open the door and step out of the car, closing the door before walking with her dad back up to their front door, clearly upset about his behavior a moment ago. He chuckled, shaking his head as he moved the car into gear, pulling away from the house with a big smile on his face.

I'm gonna marry that girl one day.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

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please leave kudos and/or comments!! it really helps  
motivate me to write and i like hearing from y'all!

**Author's Note:**

if you liked this work and would like to see more, please leave kudos and/or comments. they really help motivate me and i love hearing from y'all!

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